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ADRIAN MERRILL

AND ✓

HIS DESCENDANTS.



This is a history of common people. This world is filled mostly with the doings of the common people, but the pages of history are crowded with the butcheries of the soldier, the follies of kings and the cruelties and humbuggery of the priest. Common worth has passed by unnoticed. Billions of law-abiding men are forgotten while the small minority of the vilest of our race disgraces the pages of our books.



Descendants of the third generation
Children of A. M. Merrill,

Published privately by Arthur M. Merrill.

Rogers, Arkansas.

Begun February, 1925.

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ADRIAN MERRILL
and
His Descendants.

FOREWORD.

The question of origins has interested the human race in every status of society. While our questions of ancestry cannot deal with time very remote, all of us are interested in knowing of our ancestors as far back as possible. I am in my 59th year and for several years I have been thinking of writing the history of Adrian Merrill and his descendants. He was my grandfather and at present I cannot trace this history back of him. Family traditions in other branches of the Merrill family indicate that probably most of the Merrills in the United States have descended from several brothers who early settled in Massachusetts Bay colony. Whatever I may find out about this tradition will appear as additional matter.

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I am the oldest living descendant of my grandfather who bears the name of Merrill, altho several of his granddaughters, now married, are older than I. This history should have been planned generations ago when the living could have written down what they knew, but now their knowledge has mostly perished with them, and I hasten to preserve what is left before it, too, perishes. To date, I wish to acknowledge help from my mother, from Mrs. Almeda Merrill (widow of Uncle James Merrill), from William Adrian Merrill (son of Uncle Alfred Merrill), from my brother George, and from Mrs. Helen (Rugg) Taylor of Columbus, Ohio, (daughter of Caroline Merrill.) I shall ask others for help and will be thankful for help offered.

I am unable at present to give a complete family tree as the family is so much scattered. The descendants will number about 160 and new names are appearing. I own and operate a small city planing mill in which many kinds of things are made and I am very busy. I have used a part of my scant rest time to prepare and print these pages. From a newspaper venture I have left a printing outfit which I use for my amusement. My neighbors relished prize-fights, base ball and being humbugged more than my offerings of economic and political wisdom and my work demanded my time.

This beginning of this history and genealogy has interested me much. It is strange that our race cares more for the pedigrees of its fowls and dogs and horses than for the ancestry of its sons and daughters. It seems to me to be certain that there are breeds of men as well as breeds of fowls.

Rogers, Arkansas, April 12, 1925.

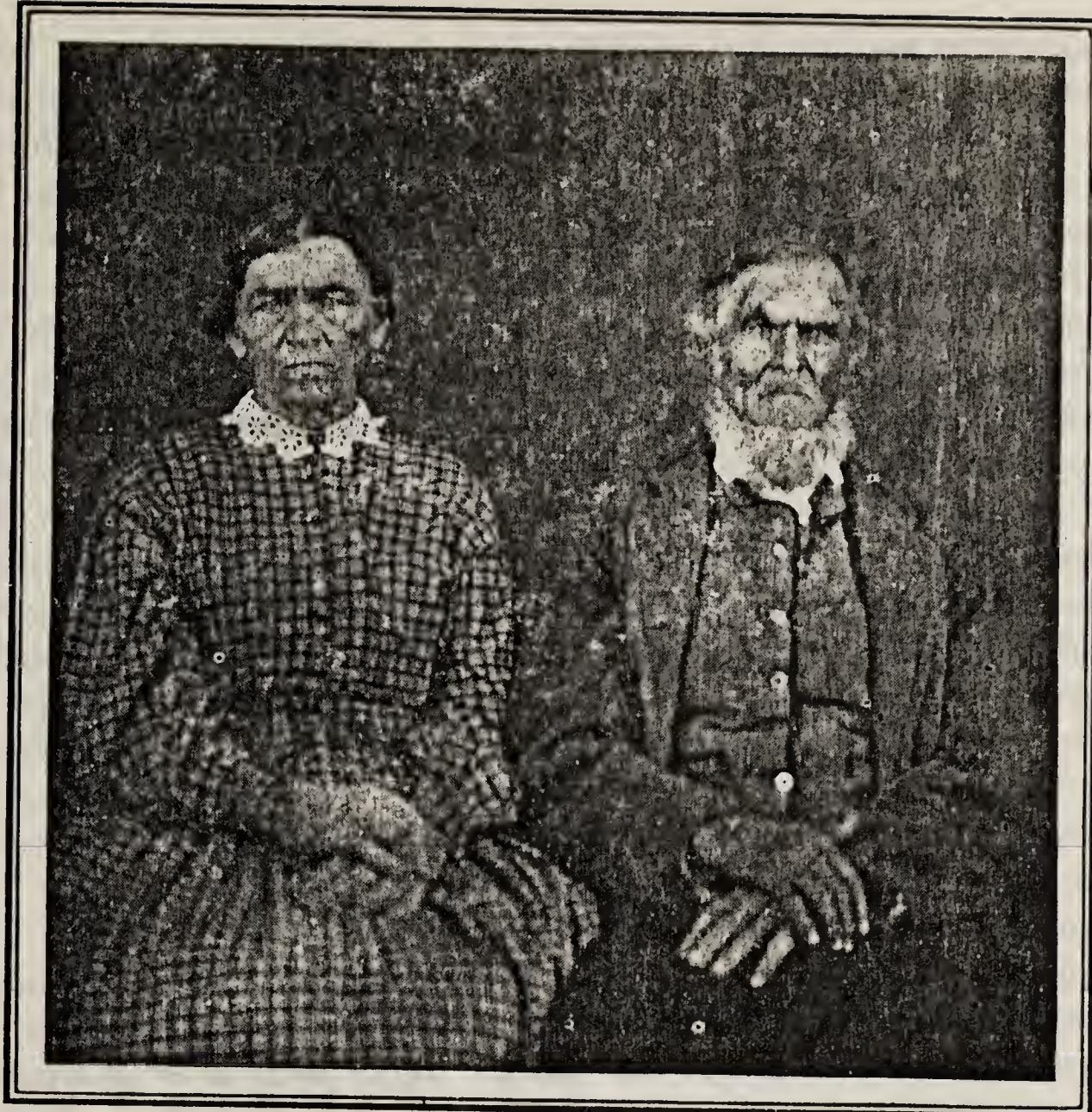
Arthur McEwen Merrill.

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NANCY (KELLY) MERRILL
BORN MAR. 8, 1807.
DIED OCT. 28, 1878.

ADRIAN MERRILL
BORN JULY 28, 1799.
DIED AUGUST 2, 1876.

ADRIAN MERRILL.

While the history of my grandfather, Adrian Merrill, now can never be written, except in small fragments, it may be well for me to give my recollections of the things that occurred while he was still with us and relate the things that were told to me. I was, perhaps, his favorite grandchild, as I was born in his house and was with him from dawn until dark most of my first three years and then I saw him almost every day until his death in 1876, when I was ten years old. If I did not go to see him every day, he often came to see us. Our home was only one-fourth of a mile from his. Thus it was that he was most acquainted with me. He had but two other grandchildren in Iowa who were older than I, and they were Josephine and Lillie, daughters of Uncle James Merrill, and as they lived farther from grandfather's house, he saw them less frequently.

While the illustration above gives a better idea of his appearance in old age than words can give, yet words can add much. Like nearly all his male descendants, he decreased in size with old age. He was not above average size, but because of rheumatism of long standing, he was lame and always used a cane. One leg seemed to have shortened and was much stiffened in the hip joint. As he was my childhood's hero and model, I imitated him in almost everything. I walked with a cane and as he limped, I limped. I imitated his speech and inquired gravely about the health of a caller's family just as he always did. He was one of nature's politest of

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gentlemen and always sympathized with suffering and rejoiced with those who had cause for rejoicing. My mother's name is Josephine and he always called her "Jo" and so did I and do yet when I think of childhood.

In his old age, his eyes were of a faded blue but I was always told that in his youth they were of piercing blackness. Of physical strength he was remarkable, and in Ohio, where he often worked by the day for neighboring farmers, he received double pay for cradling wheat and for similar work where endurance, strength and skill were united to do the most possible. His nose was pronouncedly hooked and this peculiarity may be seen in many of his descendants. He was a man of peace and while my youthful ears heard the gossips criticize the faults and weaknesses of their acquaintances, I never heard my grandfather criticized. His characteristics were kindness and never failing cheerfulness. I have heard my father tell that when grandfather was younger he would become intoxicated, as the custom in Ohio was then for nearly all men to drink. Hard cider was plentiful and whiskey was sold by all grocers. Grandfather when tipsy was never more polite nor more easily pleased. I never heard that he drank after he moved to Iowa. He chewed tobacco, but in that I never imitated him.

I well remember August 2nd, 1876, the day when he died. His gravestone says that he was 77 years and 5 days old. Therefore he must have been born July 28, 1799. Family tradition says that probably he was born in New Jersey, and that he, a brother and a sister Mary were early left as orphans and according to the law of those days were bound out. He was bound out to a Major Goble. It seems that he must have greatly esteemed Major Goble, for he named his second son James Goble Merrill, presumably in honor of his guardian. His family records were lost. The next thing we know of him is that he was settled with his child-wife at Tunkahannock, Wyoming County, Pennsylvania. There were born one son (Isaac Newton) and two daughters (Margaret Caroline and Ruth). The young wife must have been but a mere child as she was only 17 years older than her oldest child. Tunkahannock, then a village, is about twenty miles up the Susquehanna river from Wilkesbarre. Now one of the greatest railroad viaducts in the world spans the Susquehanna valley nearly over the roofs of Tunkahannock. He removed from there in about 1830 to Delaware County, Ohio and thence to Franklin County. He lived on the Sunbury road about ten miles north of Columbus. There he farmed on his own account and at times worked for his neighbors. My father used to tell of their getting up before dawn to go to Columbus to sell farm products. There was a public market then, and grandmother soon had no trouble to sell her stuff as she was all skill and business and her pounds were not short. About two and one-half miles north of their home was a small Presbyterian school called Central College. At that institution Isaac and Caroline received part of their schooling. In 1860 George returned from Iowa to attend school there. The Merrill family lived on a farm in Blendon township that is still occupied by some of grandfather's descendants.

To Adrian and Nancy Merrill were born nine children—three as above in Pennsylvania and six in Ohio. The family record was probably burned in the far west after Alfred Merrill moved to the state of Washington. The following contains all the facts available to me at this date:

Isaac Newton Merrill	b.	1824 d. March 11, 1891
Margaret Caroline Merrill	b. November 22, 1827	
Ruth Merrill	b.	1829?
Mary Merrill	b.	1832?

ADRIAN MERRILL,

James Goble Merrill	b. November 1, 1835	d. May 3	1901.
William Merrill	b. 1838?	d.	1847?
George Washington Merrill	b. July 14, 1841	d. May 15,	1919.
Alfred Homer Merrill	b. Oct. 23, 1843	d. Nov. 10,	1910.
Virgil Douglas Merrill	b. Dec. 26, 1848	d. Aug. 14,	1869.

Of the descendants of Adrian Merrill, I have a record of 155 and believe there may be about six more. Of the above 155, only 32 were born by the name Merrill. Of these, 6 were grandfather's sons, 10 were grandsons, 14 were great-grandsons and 2 are great-great-grandsons. My grandson (Harold Arthur) and Uncle James Merrill's great-grandson (James Adrian) are at present the only representatives in the fourth generation bearing the name Merrill. Of the 32 males born by the name Merrill, 21 are still living and of which only 8 are married. Of the 13 unmarried, 9 are too young and 2 are confirmed bachelors. All of Adrian Merrill's children are dead and but two widows survive—my mother and Mrs. Almeda Merrill (widow of James Goble Merrill).

Of the above number, I have not heard of even one that was born with faculties below normal. Physically all I knew or know had sound constitutions and none that I have heard of had or has tuberculosis or cancer. Those whom I have known, are, in my judgment, somewhat above the average, but none has achieved greatness and I have not heard that any has had greatness thrust upon him!

In 1857 there was a great rush to settle Iowa and Adrian Merrill and family decided to go. Isaac had crossed the plains some years before and was in the great west. Mary had married and was in Iowa. A sister of grandmother was in western Iowa. As no railroads had reached the Mississippi, emigrants must go by wagons. Grandfather and his sons—James, George, Alfred and Virgil—drove teams through. While passing through eastern Iowa, Alfred, who was only fourteen years old, broke his leg. Grandmother had to stay there until the leg healed, but the others went on. Grandfather reached Bear Grove Township in Guthrie County where he bought eighty acres of prairie land on which some improvements had been begun and also bought forty acres of timber. On that farm he dwelt until his death in 1876. One of the main roads leading to Council Bluffs passed his door, and for many years his house was an inn. As I was born in his house, I was early accustomed to all sorts of strange company. I can remember long lines of wagons and cattle going to Kansas and Nebraska and farther on. Buffalo meat from the west was peddled before our door and buffalo robes were plenty. Old buffalo skulls still lay on the Iowa prairies and horse-thieves abounded.

At that time Guthrie County, Iowa was almost a wilderness. It was not reached by railroad until 1868. The coming of the Civil War in 1861 delayed almost all such improvements. In politics Adrian Merrill was a moderate Democrat and opposed the war. He said he had never expected to live to see two of his sons enter the northern army. Isaac and George went. None of his sons were enthusiastic Democrats and after the Civil War they generally voted with the reform parties such as Greenback, Prohibition and Labor.

He was a man of peace. In religious opinion he was a moderate Methodist, but never showed any sympathy for the noisy shouting brand then so popular. He probably deemed its place in religion as important as the rooster's crowing is in the

Note—Since the foregoing family record was printed, a letter received from Mrs. Helen (Rugg) Taylor, a daughter of Caroline Merrill, gives the following information: Margaret Caroline Merrill died Dec. 13, 1899. Ruth Merrill was born Nov. 27?, 1829 and Mary Merrill was born March 10, 1833.

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substantial results of the poultry business doubtful advertising. He rarely expressed his theological opinions and hated boasting dogmatical contenders. I do not know how much schooling he had had but it must have been very little. He read with moderation and his books were not such as a scholar chooses, yet he had many for the frontier of his day. Much ill temper was shown in politics in those days. Even the mildest Douglas Democrat was quite hostile to federal power which he always called "coercion". The more rabid Democrat acted as tho he believed that "liberty" meant for the Democrats to do as they pleased and for the Whig and the Free-soiler and the Republican to do as the Democrats said. Slavery was the overshadowing issue and it poisoned politics.

Adrian Merrill rarely attended religious meetings. His stiff leg made it almost impossible for him to kneel during prayers, and in those days, the Methodists considered a man who did not kneel as on the broad road to damnation.

When grandfather was about thirteen years old, Congress declared war against Great Britain. He wished to enlist as a drummer but his guardian forbade. This was in 1812 and in that year Columbus, Ohio, was laid out and made the capital. In 1813 James Madison began his second term as President. In Adrian Merrill's 20th year Indianapolis was founded and in his 35th year, Chicago received one mail per week and that came on horseback from Niles, Michigan. In his 45th year, Morse introduced the telegraph, railroads were stretching westward and Abolition was making and unmaking political parties. In the midst of all this and in his 57th year he moved to Iowa.

The following letter, sent to me by Mrs. Helen Taylor of Columbus, Ohio, and written by Adrian Merrill shows his situation in his second year in Iowa:

Bear Grove, Iowa, July 15th, 1858.

Dear Friend Moore: I received your letter of the 12th and was glad to hear from you, and that you were all well. We're all well at present, also Homer and Shults' folks. You must not think hard of me for not writing. I am such a poor slow writer, I dread getting at it. Well, I suppose you want to know something of my situation. I have got 120 acres of land—80 of prairie and 40 of timber. I turned out the sorrel mares and new wagon at \$500 and paid \$250 cash down and owe \$250 yet and that is the worst of the whole. My 80 of prairie [is] mostly fenced with a shanghai fence and some 13 or 14 acres broke and had one crop on and we broke 5 acres more this spring. We have got 12 acres of corn in and 3½ acres of wheat on our own land and a small patch of oats and we sowed 9 acres of wheat to the helves. The landlord found the seed. The cash price of wheat 40¢—corn 15 to 20¢. Flour \$2 per 100 lbs. Coffee 5½ lbs for 1\$. Sugar from 12 to 15 cts. Butter 6¼.

Well, Virge I am limping about as usual. George is to work by the month this summer at \$12 per month and Alfred is breaking prairie with James—his leg had got sound. He says it don't hurt him any—his thigh is a little crooked and about an inch and a half shorter than the other which makes him limp a little, but I think he will outgrow it mostly. You did not tell me where old Asa was going. I wish you would send him out here and as many more good Christians as you can. We want some here to improve the morals of the people of Bear Grove. We can hardly tell when it is Sunday here.

ADRIAN MERRILL.

We have had a very wet spring here, til about the middle of June it rained almost all the time. Still we got our corn in in tolerable season and looks very well now. Our wheat harvest will commence about the 20th. We sowed bearded wheat around the Grove mostly, that is doing well as yet but there was a great deal of smooth wheat sowed that is a failure on account of the rust. You wanted to know how I like this country. Well I like the land first rate but I should like the looks of the country better if there was more timber. It looks too naked and is more hilly than I expected. I think it is a healthy country. I hear of no sickness around here.

The boys all say they like it better here than in Ohio, but if I could move my land there and have room to put it you would see me bringing it along soon, but still if we can manage to get our land paid for, I shall consider ourselves better off here than there. The boys in particular. But this is the hardest time to get money I ever saw. There is no emigration this way this season. Virgil is going to school this summer. The price of prairie land [is] at 3 to 5 dollars per acre. Timber from 10 to 20 per acre. You need not wonder that I dont like it here very well, for I cant get no snapps. My wife sends her love to Marilla and the girls. Tell Press I bought out David Bailey the next lot west [of] Grow's, south of Davis post office. I must conclude. Write again and tell the boys to write to me. No more at present.

Adrian Merrill.

To Virgil D. Moore.

The foregoing letter as printed shows Grandfather's style of composition. Note its brevity and directness. Had he known that he was writing for publication by two generations distant, he might have touched his effort up a little. Like King Tut's burial preparations; this letter has a greater number of acquaintances than was ever intended. This publishing returns the letter to the Merrill dynasty but the old king's treasures are being profaned by an alien race and his dynasty was forgotten. Virgil Moore was an old neighbor. "Homer" was his son-in-law who married Mary. "Shults" was the husband of Julia Kelly, Grandmother's sister. Davis post office was just across the road but it was soon moved to Bear Grove. Grandfather mentioned his four sons. James was 23 years old, George 17, Alfred nearly 15 and Virgil nearly 10.

The new Merrill home was a rough house built low to the ground on a foundation of wood blocks set in the ground. Soon they built a story and one-half addition on the east and a "lean-to" on the south. Some years later I began my earthly career in said lean-to. The large room in the oldest part was used as a living-room, dining-room and kitchen and in a far corner stood a tall four-poster bed with curtains clear to the top. This meant bed-room, too. In this big room I, with no experience, began trying to manage Grandma—a job which Grandfather had given up for all many years before. On its ceiling beams hung the red peppers, the sage, the seeds for next year's garden, the bone-set and other medicinal "yarbs" and terrors. I can taste the bone-set yet. The small boys that recovered were the boys whom bone-set could not kill. Any boy would gladly choose perdition to a second dose. The floor of the big room was of ash—always scoured white. The lean-to floor was of burr-oak and both had been planed and matched by hand. The lap-siding on the

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south room was of walnut and planed by hand. The oak shingles were shaved with a drawing-knife. After grandfather's death the house came into Uncle Alfred's possession and he built the old part up as high as the new and made a large cellar under nearly the whole. In splitting a piece of sandstone for the cellar wall a beautiful impression of a leaf was found. This leaf impression made a mental impression on the minds of some of the young Merrills that time has not removed. It will be mentioned again. The farm remains in the family and now belongs to my brother George. The house has been torn down and only a hole marks the cellar and a white pine remains to hint a site where many were born and lived and labored and died. A great city may stand there sometime! Who knows?

The early settlers planted great hedges of willow for windbreaks and for fuel and poles. So far as I know, Adrian Merrill had the first willow hedge in the western part of the county and farmers came from far and near to get cuttings. The original hedge grew to great size and twigs that I saw my father set out have reached a diameter of 36 inches. Willow hedges finally caused the snow to collect so badly in the lanes that the law required them to be cut down.

Before the door and near the front gate, stood an old-fashioned wooden pump in as good a well as one could wish. Hundreds of people stopped to water their horses there and spread the news. My earliest recollection of politics is that I was standing by the gate when William Grandsberry stopped to water his team. When asked the news, he said, "Tilden is reported to be elected". Therefore that was an early day in November, 1876—about four months after grandfather's death. I believe Uncles Alf and Jim voted for Peter Cooper. As my Grandfather Warden was a strong Greenbacker, I got a very favorable impression of Peter Cooper.

Grandfather's cattle had long horns and the swine of that day were called "wind-splitters" and were tall and gaunt and expert in rooting under and out of the pens of that day—a labor easily done while the long class-meeting was in progress. Interest in improved breeds was beginning, and the Poland-China hog was making his appearance. The first breed of poultry we had was Black Spanish and just then cholera came and destroyed most of the fowls in western Iowa. The roosters then had very long plumes in their tails and which would be a wonder to-day. Eggs were very plentiful and before railroads came had no price. Grandmother and Aunt Mary Brady were skilled in coloring eggs for Easter. They called that festival "Pasch", which is a Hebrew word meaning Passover.

The young people of Iowa to-day have no idea what a curse mosquitoes were in the time when the state was settled. Northern Iowa had unnumbered swamps, sloughs, ponds and lakes. In those, mosquitoes bred. North winds carried them south. As netting was not obtainable, there was no remedy except to close the house or to build a "smudge" so that the smoke blew into the house. Animals suffered horribly and mules tied up have been known to die in agony. Enthusiasm greeted the cotton net and the wire cloth which succeeded it. Drainage nearly exterminated the mosquito and the screen door has shut out his thinned descendants. With the defeat of the mosquito went malaria and when the fly was banished from the kitchen and the table, infectious diseases became rare. The old practitioner with his quinine, whiskey, calomel and Dover's powder then prepared to follow him who had put all his trust in bleeding. We live in the golden age when the doctor examines the patient's purse instead of his pulse and reads up his case in Bradstreet instead of consulting the authorities in medicine!

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at Casey, there were almost no markets, except to supply newcomers and those going farther on. Therefore the pioneers were forced to self-support. They had a plenty but not a variety. They had no fruit except what grew wild. Great quantities of meat were cured and consumed. Grist-mills were distant but accessible and were run by water power. The settlements kept near the bodies of timber, as the only fuel was wood and corn. A few saw-mills cut lumber for building, and "worm-fences" were split out with maul and wedge.

Grandfather kept pretty good horses. It was necessary to lock the stables as stealing horses was common. Uncle Jim belonged to the "Vigilance Committee". Once caught, the horse-thief rarely returned for trial. It was a desperate remedy for a desperate situation. Crime increased after the Civil War just as it is increasing after the German War. The political corruption of Grant's term was much the same as recently under Wilson and Harding. My youth was spent in the days of "deflation" after the depreciated money and high prices of the Civil War had left almost everybody in debt, and the people were paying those debts with 3¢ hogs, 14¢ corn and 60¢ wheat. They saw the values of their products steadily decreasing while the dollar to pay with grew higher, and interest was eating them up. Most of the business men failed and financial collapse came in 1873. Only the most diligent toil saved the people of those days. Such were the conditions which Adrian Merrill and his family had to face.

The physical hardships of pioneering made men grow old early. Their clothing was insufficient. Cold, ague, fevers, tornadoes, prairie-fires, mosquitoes, long hours and distant markets wore men out. But few reached seventy. Nevertheless those pioneers changed the home of the buffalo, the wolf, the rattlesnake and the red man into a garden. It is well that we are proud that we came of such as those.

Correction: Cousin Helen Rugg Taylor writes that the accident to Uncle Alf (described on Page Three) occurred near Plain City, Ohio, and that her father went after Alf and brought him and his mother back to the Rugg home. They remained about six weeks. They then followed by rail and stage line.

NANCY KELLY.

Nancy Kelley was born, March 8, 1807, and probably near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. Her mother was Katherine Travers, of Hollandish parentage. Of Katherine Travers, Nancy's descendants know not a word further. Nancy's father was Arthur Kelley, a native of Ireland. The family tradition says that he was a rebel against English authority, and that the officer with a warrant, found Arthur and brother in bed. By playing an Irish trick, the officer purposely took the wrong brother and Arthur fled to a seaport and shipped to America and never returned to Ireland. Said tradition saith (and doubtless truly) that a small bag of gold from Arthur's mother's hand persuaded the officer of the righteousness and general desirableness of the trick. Furthermore be it said that had not said officer acted so modernly, it may be gravely doubted whether said Arthur would have had a great-grandson named Arthur to print this record or a great-great-great-grandson by the same name to read it. Let us shun such fearful questions! Tradition further saith that Arthur's brother followed him to America [relief] and [as often] that they were of the aristocracy and that [as more often] an estate awaits the claim of their descendants. Be all this as it may, Arthur Kelley (or Kelly) settled in Pennsylvania and reared a family.

To the Kelleys were born at least six children—Arthur, William, Mary, Nancy, Julia and the youngest, whose name has been forgotten, but who is said to have had "beautiful red hair"—a peculiarity which did not appear in any of Nancy's descendants until in one case in the third generation. Where they lived is unknown, but it is remembered that it was not more than twenty miles from Tunkhannock.

Arthur and William were deaf mutes, but expert gamblers. I believe both died childless.

Mary married a blacksmith named Brady. They lived many years in Pottsville, Penn. After Mr. Brady's death she came to Iowa and generally made her home with Nancy, but as she would eat no man's bread without paying for it, she often kept house for months at a time for her Irish friends. She was a devout Roman Catholic. Her word was as good as a bond and she was faithful in all things. I knew her well and loved her much. She lived to an old age, and was buried in the Catholic Cemetery near Guthrie Center, Iowa.

Julia married William Shultz. They came to Iowa a short time before Adrian Merrill came. They settled some twenty-five miles south-west of Bear Grove. Julia was congenitally partly deaf and for that fact always mispronounced many words. She, like her sister Mary, was childless. I was at her home twice and saw her when she made visits to Nancy. She was industrious, shrewd, thrifty, capable, yet kind. They adopted an infant who grew up to be an honorable man and took the name William Schultz and inherited the property. Julia's husband was a kind man and in spite of suffering some forty years with old-fashioned tuberculosis, lived to an old age. Of Nancy's youngest sister, I can learn nothing except that she had beautiful red hair, had a very fine and large house and remained in the east.

Nancy was a very capable woman—strong, diligent and thrifty. She had a big stock of that hard common sense that was so much needed by pioneers. I knew her from my infancy until her death, October 28, 1878, when I was twelve years old. During her long life, *duty* but not *pleasure*, had been her interest. She reared a family of eight to maturity and clothed them from her own loom. Well do I remember the shawls and blankets of great plaids and the counterpanes that were real works of art. Her cooking made her famous among the pioneers and I can taste the cookies, dough-nuts and pumpkin pies yet. She was the small boy's friend and fed

NANCY KELLY.

him to almost the danger point. She was a hater of shams and slothfulness. She was a great talker and appeared to be the spokesman of the household, as Grand-father was more pleased to listen than to be heard. In religious opinion she was a Methodist. She never had an opportunity to know or acquire the refinements of life for hers was a life of toil to wring from the soil a plenty for her family. The one word which above all describes her is FAITHFUL. She was one who helped to make her age, and her descendants are above the average in intelligence and diligence. Strange it is that but few of her descendants resemble her, yet I can see her shadow when several of them pass by.

In her day, early marriage for girls was the custom. If a girl was not married by eighteen, her friends feared that she might never be chosen. The date of grandmother's wedding has been forgotten, but it seem she was married at sixteen and was the mother of her son Isaac at seventeen. It is probable that the marriage of Adrian Merrill and Nancy Kelley occurred in 1823. We should all be greatly pleased if we could print a picture of Nancy as she appeared as a bride more than 100 years ago. However, Daguerre did not announce his daguerreotypes until 1839 when Nancy had six children. After that the tin-type was soon perfected and within the financial reach of all. Before 1839, the rich employed the portrait painter, but the innumerable daughters of the middle class and of the poor passed on without leaving us any pictures of their comeliness. I believe the bride, Nancy, would not be called a beauty if we had a likeness of her 16-year-old features. As I remember, her appearance was too strong—too masculine.

At her Iowa home she had hundreds of chickens and eggs by the pailful. She was a great gardener and loved flowers very much. I remember her beds of old-fashioned flowers—zinnias, marigolds, larkspurs, balsams, petunias and phlox. At that time the florist had not created the beautiful forms of to-day. In moving to Iowa she knew she was going to a wilderness and she took with her many kinds of seeds. Soon she had an orchard and the small fruits. She persisted in calling her currants "them kerns". Strawberries were plentiful on the prairies and raspberries, gooseberries, plums and crabapples grew in the woods. Grandmother was skilled in making "jams, jells and butters" of all of them. Much sorghum was used and the lowly pumpkin was a staple.

The school of Herbert Spencer teaches that a perfect program of living for any form of life is a complete adaptation to its environment. In general this is the truth but the human spirit insists on changing its environment to meet human fancy and needs. Nancy Kelly would have been one of the last to submit to the limiting bars of environment. If she grew wider, she made a wider place for herself—she would not be squeezed. For nearly three-fourths of the 19th century she made a successful struggle with pioneer surroundings and won. When she left Ohio, she did not bring her spinning-wheel and loom. The factory had come. The exposed life of the frontier woman made the filmy garb of present-day poodle-dog society an impossibility. Heavy and durable fabrics were used and other needs were met with calico and gingham and an occasional black alpaca. One silk dress in a life-time made its owner happy and distinguished. Nancy's iron constitution made her able to do as much hard work as a load of the painted "flappers" of 1925.

Nancy (Kelly) Merrill died October 28, 1878, in her 72nd year and was buried by the side of her husband in Bear Grove Cemetery. There also are buried her sons, Virgil, James and George and several of her grand-children. That cemetery is well kept and occupies a beautiful site on a high hill and commands a wide view.

NANCY KELLY.

The Merrill lots were along the fence on the north side of the original cemetery and when the north addition was made, the family bought a large block adjoining the first lots. In distant coming years, this resting place will probably be visited by strangers from many lands—strangers who will come to view the graves of their ancestors, Adrian and Nancy Merrill.

When the Merrill family moved from Wyoming County to Ohio, Adrian drove an emigrant wagon to Pittsburg where he loaded team, wagon and family on to a river steamboat for Portsmouth, Ohio. The next morning after he had disembarked at Portsmouth, the boiler blew up and killed one man. The remainder of the trip to Delaware county was made by wagon.

As I have already said, Nancy Kelley Merrill was a strong tower. She was religious. As I remember from her conversation, she was mostly interested in the joys and sorrows of her family and neighbors and the disputes of the modernists and the fundamentalists did not worry her. Her God was a terror but He was the popular one of those days. Religious services then were limited almost to class meetings and to the furious annual revival meetings. Her generation seemed to bend to these methods but the next was rebellious and the ranter lost most of his control.

The sketch below I made from memory. It represents the old homestead as it was in my early childhood. Now the buildings have been removed and the site is used as pasture.



The old Merrill homestead in 1870.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION

Additional information about the Merrill and Kelly families from letters supplied by and from the memory of William H. Shultz.

By WILLIAM H. SHULTZ.

Anita, Iowa, June 4, 1928.

Mr. A. M. Merrill, Rogers, Arkansas.

Friend Tominy: (?) *A nick name when I was small.* A few days ago, I received from you the history of Adrian Merrill and his descendants. Then your letter which came a few days later and for which accept my sincere thanks, as I read both with much interest. The history brings back to memory many kind acts of friends which would otherwise have been forgotten.

In the early spring of 1868, Virgil Merrill brought Aunt Mary Brady out to our place. He stayed all night and went home the day following. Aunt stayed two or three weeks and then got a chance to go back to Bear Grove with William (Old Billy) Millhollin. Father took sick in the following fall and was in bed ten or eleven weeks. We sent for Aunt Mary and she came and stayed until the next spring. Early in March, 1869, dad, mother, Aunt Mary Brady and I went out to Adrian Merrill's, starting early in the morning. Dad was a hard driver and he kept the whip going about all the time. We arrived early in the forenoon and returned the afternoon of the next day. This was the only time I remember of seeing Grandfather, Grandmother and James Merrill and his wife, Almeda. Late in the fall of 1918, I met her in Guthrie Center and had a very pleasant visit with her. That was almost fifty years after my first visit.

On this first visit, we went over to your house in the afternoon. You were a little little tot and Mary was a baby in the cradle. Your father was harrowing in wheat. You and I were playing around and your father called to me, "Bub, don't let Tommy into the cow-lot." I met your brother George in Guthrie Center about ten years ago and your father and mother at the same time. Two of my boys were with me at that time. About three years ago I called on your mother for a few minutes late one evening. She remembered our former visit when the boys were with me and said that your father had frequently mentioned it.

Referring to the Arthur Kelly family, he was not very young at the time he left the Emerald Isle but his wife was much younger than he. In fact his age was not known. He probably landed in America in 1799 but not later. *It seems there were as many as five sons and four daughters in his family. Their order is not now known.*

Mary Ann was the oldest daughter if not the oldest child. She was born June 6, 1805. *She married Francis Brady, a blacksmith.*

Julina was born June 16, 1815. She married Martin R. Shultz, a farmer and blacksmith. *On a preceding page I erroneously gave Mr. Shultz's name as "William."*

Arthur and William were deaf mutes but were well educated. In their earlier years they appear to have been rounders almost to the limit.

There was a James Lawrence Kelly. He was a hard-working youth and much given to hard lifting. This caused an internal injury which stopped up the intestinal canal and caused death. He died young.

Mother often mentioned that one brother had a diseased hip, which in those days was called a "white swelling." That may have been John but of that I am undecided. *See a letter of William's on a following page.*

(L&P) (?) All matter set in Italics in this article is inserted by J. M. Merrill by way of addition or explanation,

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Nancy was born March 8, 1807 and died Oct. 28, 1878. She married Adrian Merrill who was a farmer and ropemaker.

Charley and Sarah (called Sally) come back to my memory now very clearly. Sully married a rich man and lived at Pittston, Pa. She is mentioned on page 8 and in one of William's letters.

The elder Arthur Kelly was a weaver of Irish linen and his product often sold at a premium. On one occasion after the Irish insurrection against the English government, he was selling goods on the streets of an Irish village when British officers appeared. He left his post and ran into a nearby house, in a back room of which was a bed. He raised up the ticks and threw himself down on the cords and then pulled the ticks down smoothly over him. The officers ran their swords under the bed and finding nobody, went out thru the back door which had been left open, and searched the woods for him. On another occasion the officers came to the Kelly home about midnight and demanded admittance. The mother came to the door, lit the candle and let them in. The three Kelly boys were in bed together. Arthur was sleeping at the back, the third brother in the middle and Peter, who was the exact image of Arthur, was in front. The officers immediately took Peter and did not find their mistake for some time. Arthur paid his fare across the Atlantic three times before he finally got off. *See page page 8.*

The only information I have about Arthur Kelly's occupation in Pennsylvania comes from Aunt Mary Brady. She often said that when her father was cultivating corn on hot days he would take off his pants and wear only his shirt which was made long and reached well below his knees and was by the Irish called a "shift". Katherine, his wife, wove carpets and had much work at that occupation. Mother always spoke of her mother as being "Dutch" and no doubt she meant Hollandish. I can give no further information on that.

Julina Kelly (known and called "Aunt Julia Shultz" for near sixty years) was a clean and hard-working girl and woman. She never went to school and worked out from home all her life until her marriage. She worked at Maunt Chunk, Tunkhannock and Wilkesbarre, Penn. All the other Kelly children were sent to school. She always regretted that she had not been sent. I think that her lack of comprehension was the probable reason. *I have taught much. A child that is partly deaf is always embarrassed and never sure it is right.*

Martin R. Shultz married Julina Kelly, March 17, 1842, at her home in eastern Pennsylvania. He was born at Bridgeville, N. J., March 29, 1818. He was a son of Peter Shultz and his second wife. Peter married four times and was the father of eighteen children that grew to maturity.

At the time of their marriage, Martin was nearly twenty-four years old and Julina was nearly twenty-seven.

Martin R. Shultz passed away Aug. 8, 1881, aged 63 years, 4 mos. and 9 days. Julina Shultz passed away April 1, 1899, aged 83 years, 9 mos. and 15 days.

Dad and Mother Schultz left their Pennsylvania home late in 1842 for Ohio. They went by way of Buffalo, Lake Erie and Cleveland but when they reached Buffalo, late in December, they found Lake Erie frozen over and they were compelled to wait until spring. He worked for the wood-choppers who furnished wood for the steamboats and she got in as a housekeeper. That was a happy winter for them. They made many friends during their stay and the parting was one of sorrow.

Their destination was Central College, Ohio, and I have no doubt that Adrian Merrill and family had preceded them some time. The arrival of dad and mother in Ohio must have been in the spring of 1843. They lived there until August, 1855,

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when they started for Iowa. Dad never said so much about their stay in Ohio but mother has talked to me for hours, days, weeks, months and years and told of the happy times she had during the twelve years that they lived there, altho the greatest sorrow of her life occurred there—the death and burial of little Willie Merrill. She talked of Dayton and Caroline Rugg very much and of many others.

I have an old chest that was made for them by Alverage Moore. It was paneled and made of hard maple and black walnut. I am of the impression that the parents of Virgil Moore were neighbors of the Kelly family in Pennsylvania and that Virgil went to Ohio about the time that Adrian Merrill did.

Dad and mother took a little girl to rear—perhaps in about 1847. She was about three years old at that time and her name was Harriett Sauer. She took the name of Hattie Shultz altho no legal adoption was made. Nothing was known of her parents and relatives and she always regarded the Merrills as her real relatives. In 1865 she married Abraham VanWinkle—a widower with four boys, the youngest being four years old. To this latter union were born eight children, many grandchildren and nearly seventy great-grandchildren. Mr. VanWinkle died in 1906 and Hattie in about 1918. They are buried at Ransome, Kansas.

In leaving Ohio for Iowa, dad and mother were accompanied by Homer Phelps and wife and little son Francis of eleven months. They drove thru with two wagons and two-horse teams. They started from Columbus in August, 1855 and passed thru Indianapolis and Springfield, crossed the Mississippi at Keokuk, followed the Des Moines river to Ft. Des Moines and thence to Panora and to Bear Grove. They arrived at their destination in October. Dad took up the land on which a part of Bear Grove was built. The cemetery is on the south end of the tract. They built a log cabin for Phelps first. Both families moved into it for about two months until dad's cabin was ready. Then they separated. *Phelps lived down on Seeley creek near the Chas. Allen place.* Dad lived at Bear Grove a little more than three years and then traded his land to William Millhollin, Sr. for a farm on Troublesome creek near the N-E corner of Cass county. Dad and mother moved there in January, 1859 and that became their HOME. The old folks loved their old home on Troublesome creek the best of any spot on earth. To them it was their haven of refuge—the place where they both wished to live and to die.

Homer Phelps seems to have gotten into trouble while here. He had an uncle named Jadusen Phelps living on the upper Troublesome in Audubon county. Homer was accused of attempting clandestinely to take the life of his uncle so that he might inherit his uncle's property. Homer went back to Ohio but was never tried. Homer was shot in Ohio by his nephew, Leonard Phelps, April 6, 1876.

You may wish to know a little about the writer of the foregoing. I was born at Cuppie's Grove, Shelby County, Iowa, December 24, 1860. My natural mother was born near London, England, in 1840 or 41. Her father lost his life when she was an infant. Her mother married again but passed away when a half-sister to my mother was born. Her step-father married again and reared a family. He then moved to America, bringing his family and my mother with him. He settled in Illinois and he and family were all present to hear one of the Lincoln-Douglas debates in 1858. My natural father was killed at Ft. Donaldson, Tenn., before the outbreak of the Civil War but probably in some of the wrangles that led up to it. He was shot probably in 1860.

On September 10th, 1863, articles of adoption were executed which made the writer a legal heir of the Shultz family. Dad always spelled his name "Shultch"

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but all of his relatives in New Jersey spelled it correctly. The old folks always thought that their government over the girl Hattie had been too loose and that such an error should not happen again. I noticed that when the boys and girls of my age were going in company and enjoying life, there was always a way found to keep me out altho my soul was on fire to be with them. After a time, my ambition to go in company faded out entirely and at the age of twenty-one and twenty-two, I found that I was going to the field to cultivate corn on the Fourth of July instead of to a celebration.

We have four children—one girl and three boys.

Genevieve was born Oct. 21, 1896. She married Floyd Dement who operates a garage here in Anita.

Orson D. was born April 29, 1899. He is married and lives in Lake View, Oregon.

Jahn K. was born July 3, 1904. He is a mechanic in a garage.

Carl H. was born April 28, 1907. He is at home.

Replying to your recent letter, will say that my impression is that the elder Arthur Kelly was originally a Roman Catholic and that he renounced his Roman faith at the time of his marriage and that forever after he clung to the Protestant faith. His wife was a strong Protestant.

Aunt Mary Brady was strong in her Roman faith. Her marriage to Francis Brady was under the laws of the land but when she joined the Roman Catholic sect, they submitted to a second marriage ceremony by the priest.

Mother (Aunt Julia) was bitter against Catholicism. She cultivated Christian principles and ideals but affiliated with no church.

Of Adrian Merrill's ancestors, I have no knowledge whatever. In fact, I never heard a mention of a brother or sister of his.

I am sending you two old letters [this time]. One is from Adrian Merrill and is dated Aug. 28, 1856 and with an appendix by your aunt, Mrs. Ruth A. Hays. The other is unsigned but apparently is from one of the sons of the elder Arthur Kelly and dated May 7, 1861. From this letter it seems that Sally's (Sarah) husband was named Thomas Kinney.

The Kelly family never spelled their name "Kelley".

I am enclosing a picture of dad and mother. I have no separate ones. The picture was taken by Brooks of Council Bluffs in 1864. Dad was just over 46 and mother nearing 49.

Respectfully,

William H. Shultz.

The four above and foregoing pages were written by Mr. William H. Shultz at my request. I wrote to him four letters containing a general request for information on the subjects treated and also asked a lot of specific questions. As well as I could, I re-arranged his four letters into one. I consider the kindness of Mr. Shultz in this matter to be a piece of rare good fortune to the descendants of Adrian Merrill, as Mr. Shultz is probably the last person living who knows these facts.

The carefully invented plots of fiction are no stranger than the career of Mr. Shultz, especially when we think of the numbers in this play and that a failure of one character would have kept this story from us. He has placed in my hands a number of letters from William Kelly, Adrian Merrill, Dayton and Caroline Rugg and Mrs. Ruth Hays. These will follow on page 70e and on.

Aug. 12 1923.

LETTERS.

Information about the Merrill and Kelly families from letters
supplied by William Shultz.
Edited by A. M. Merrill.



Martin Shultz Julina Shultz
Photo taken, April, 1864.



These letters contain the last bits of information I have on the activities of the characters related to our ancestors. It would be inexcusable not to preserve them. For brevity I have omitted repetitions. The first five were written by William Kelly—a brother of Nancy Kelly Merrill and Julina Kelly Shultz. I supplied a few words in brackets. Mr. Kelly was deaf and dumb and in his day it was thought impossible to teach deaf mutes to speak. The mastery of a language then was manifestly impossible. The spelling is almost perfect and the penmanship extra good. No signs of mental weakness appear.

Adrian Merrill settled in Blendon Township, Franklin Co., Ohio and Martin Shultz came later in 1843. Virgil Moore also lived there. Kelly had worked for Moore years before—presumably in Pennsylvania.

Letter I., dated April, 1854, Kelly wrote to Moore to inquire where Nancy and Julina were as he and their mother had not heard from them of late.

LETTER I.

Danville, [Penn.], April 3, 1854.

Sir Virgil Moore: I am a going to take a pen in this hand to write a letter which would [give] enjoyment. I am in very strong health and children [are] very well at present. I live in Petersburg from Danville town 2 miles. I bought a large house and farm—very good. I paid [for] them \$700. and very good for land. I have 2 horses and some sheep, &c. I sold 45 bushels of wheat at \$1.45 per bushel. 84 bushels of potatoes at \$.80 per bushel and rorn at 75 cents a bushel and buckwheat at 65 rents.

I worked at shoemaking in New York 4 years. I got \$900. and I got \$12. per week—high wages. Then I left there for seeking good land in this place of Pennsylvania and I paid for it \$700.—very cheap when it sold land and house. My daughter is two years old and very pretty and smart and her name is Catherine Anna. [My] boy is very fat and was born in January 20, 1854. His name is Francis.

I twice wrote letters to Blendon township for Adrian Merrill and Martin R. Shultz but I did not hear any about from them but I thought that they had moved from Blendon township to where[?]. Tell them that my mother wants to know where are they living. My mother lives in Pottsville . . . with her daughter, Mrs. Francis Brady—very well. I wish to know where they are.

I am farmer and shoemaker and my brother lives in Danville. His family is very well. His finger is cut off and he can't work at carpentering and he is a very strong man. I wish you send your letter to me as quickly as you could. I worked for you in long time ago and you must direct your letter to Danville, Montour Co., Penn. In haste for sending letter. As soon as you [reply] I will do it.

Your respectful friend,

To Mr. Virgil Moore.

William M. Kelly.

Deaf & dumb man.

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Letter II, dated Aug., 1854, was written by William Kelly to Virgil Moore in reply to Moore's reply to Letter I. Kelly sends information to his sisters that their mother is well and is living with their sister, Mrs. Mary Brady, at Pottsville, Pa.

LETTER II.

Danville, [Penn.], August 16, 1854.

Mr. Virgil Moore: I am very well and my family is very well at present. I am very glad to receive your letter on July 20th. . . . I am surprised that Merrill's daughters are all married off because they were too young. I should like to go to California to see Isaac Merrill without [the] danger but I think it is not good like this state. I know some persons that went to there but they returned. They told me that [there were] some murders and crimes and not much gold. They brought \$20,000. dust gold from Austria [probably Australia] to Danville. I saw them good and sent to the mint of the U. S.

I expect that I will sell property and land out next spring for going to Iowa in the west. Because the red worms ate the wheat this summer, the last year's crop is good price. Wheat \$2.50 per bushel, oats 50 to 62¢, corn 85¢, rye 75¢, potatoes \$1.50 to \$2.00—old. The rain did not rain [for] two months so that [the ground] is very hard and dry. Now corn is too small and potatoes. . . . One barrel of flour from Harrisburg [costs] \$12.00 and meal \$1.00 a [bushel]. The people of Danville always want to buy some flour so that they can work [but] it is too high. . . . They many times stole and in Danville 28 persons arrested and put in jail in one day—because they were hungry. They worked in the large rolling mill. . . . Grain rust from Union Co. soon came to this county and has destroyed 190,000 bushels of wheat. The farmers have many large [fields] of wheat but now contain grain like feathers. Before I never saw like this in my life. They went to New York to buy grain for sowing wheat this fall.

I saw 2 men hanging themselves in the old rolling mill in Danville. The railroad will begin to train from Catawissa to Danville through Williamsburg through Philadelphia next Sept.—1854.

Has Julia got any child? If she has not, I will give my daughter to her. Tell Nancy that mother lives in Pottsville with Mary. She is good nurse. She gets \$3.00 per day. She wants to hear about from Nancy and Julia. I wrote to her last Saturday. Direct your letter to Danville, Montour Co., Penn. I want to know what part of California Isaac Merrill lives in. Answer me.

Your friend of you,

To Mr. Virgil D. Moore.

William M. Kelly.

In 1854, in which year the two preceding letters were written, Franklin Pierce was President. From 1850 to 1857 was a period of reckless speculation and extravagance. A severe panic occurred in 1857 and one still worse in 1857. There was much unrest. Martin Shultz emigrated to Iowa in 1855 and Adrian Merrill in 1857. For a good account of that time read McMaster's *History of the U. S.*, vol. 8, chapters XCI and XCII. Slavery was the ONE political question and it was not settled until settled by war. In 1856, the people divided themselves into a slavery party, an anti-slavery party and a remnant of the old Whig party which sought to shut its eyes and ignore the issue. William Kelly's letters show the unrest and the unemployment and suffering. The panic struck Wall Street the next month after

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Letter II was written. Banks failed by the score and bank currency was almost worthless. Hundreds of thousands went hungry. All this affected the descendants of Adrian Merrill. He took his sons to a new country where they found wives and founded homes and reared families. Every item of the result probably differs from what would have been if they had remained in Ohio. The end is not yet.

Letter III, dated April, 1856, was written to his sisters, Nancy and Julia, but was addressed in care of Virgil Moore. It was delayed all summer but it finally reached Mrs. Caroline Rugg who added a note on the same sheet and forwarded it to Julia in Iowa. Julia had moved to Bear Grove, Iowa, in 1855 but Kelly had not heard of it.

LETTER III.

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Wilkesbarre, Luzern Co., Penn., April 19, 1856.

My Dear Sisters: I now write to you [to] let you know that we are well at present. Last spring we moved from Danville to Wilkesbarre. We keep a shoemaker shop and a grocery next to the canal and we live at the third bridge close by in Main street. We sell bread, pies, cakes, candy, &c., beer and many kinds of things to the boatmen. But I would like to move to Ohio but I would like to know how is that—good or poor.

. . . John is not able to work because of sprains in his hips—pain long. He lives in York County, Penn, Margaretta town. Arthur lives in Danville and Sally lives in Pittston and was second married. Her husband is rich and has two houses and large farm and carpenter shop. But we did not like to see him. How is Martin Shultz and how is Adrian Merrill? I wrote to you about last fall but I thought you moved away to another place from Blendon and Galamar. I wish to know what you are doing. You must tell me what your farming [is] growing good I want to know that if I could move to Ohio without any [accident] happen? I forgot to tell you that I lost my son Arthur. [The] baby was born Feb. 27 and died Feb. 29. Write to me as soon as you get this. No more at present.

Bnt still remain, your loving brother,

To Nancy and Julia.

Wm. M. Kelly.

This letter, I suppose, has lain in the Post Office at Griswold all summer, 'Twas sent in care of Virge and he got it the other day. Bill wanted to know where Shultz lived and if it would be a good place for him. He says Grandmother [Mrs. Katherine Traverse Kelly] lives with him. He wanted Shultz to answer immediately. Virgil Moore got a letter from Bill last week.

Cad. [Mrs. Caroline Merrill Rugg.]

Letter IV, dated September, 1856, was written to Martin Shultz and apparently was addressed to him in Iowa. I have omitted some matter appearing in the preceding letters.

LETTER IV.

Wilkesbarre, Luzern Co., Penn., Sep. 26, 1856.

My Dear Brother-in-law: I am a going to inform you that you may know about news. . . . I received a letter from Mrs. Ruth A. [Merrill] Hays in Newark, Licking Co., O., 7th of Sept. I am glad to hear about from you. You moved from Ohio to Iowa. Well, my mother is well and lives in Pottsville. I expect that

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I will fetch her and live with us. Well, I have too much plenty of works at the trade by shoemaking good wages high. It is said that you have 85 acres of land in Iowa but you don't farm yet but blacksmithing in the place. I would like to go to pay a visit but it is too far. I work myself in my shop and I get about 75 or 87 dollars more per month.

My son is dead on 29th of Feb. and I was very sorry that he died. [He was] very fine. . . . My [other] son is two years old and is very fine smart. . . . [My] daughter is five years old. She can read and write very well and went to school last spring every day. She learned very fast. My brother, Irthuer lives in Danville. Well and his family is well. John lives in York Co., Penn. He is lame, too, long years in his life and he can't work but his sons are too salt [?] and work at the boats. I did not hear about from Charles about six years yet we thought he died from accidents. Arthur told me that he wants to know how much he would get by carpentering in Iowa City. . . .

How do you like to live there? [Are] Adrian Merrill & family well? But I did not hear about from Isaac in California. I thought he died in there. I would never go to there because it is very poor wages. Some gentlemen from there to Wilkesbarre told me. I want you must write to me very fast. No more news at present. Direct your letter to Wilkesbarre, Luzerne, Co., Penn.

Your respectfully all,

[To] Martin R. Shultz.

William M. Kelly.

MARY ANN KELLY.



Mrs. Mary Ann Kelly Brady
1805-1879.

Mention is made of Mrs. Mary Kelly Brady on page 8 preceding. In Letter V following will appear a statement that her husband, Francis Brady, died in 1860. This and that he was a blacksmith is about all we know about him. From his name, I shall presume that he was an Irishman. It is with great pleasure that we are hereby able to extend the remembrance of a Great Aunt of Adrian Merrill's descendants. The photograph adjoining was taken in Pottsville, Pa., probably before 1867. She moved to Iowa probably in 1868. I knew her well. She died June 8, 1879, when I was almost 13 years old. She was born June 16, 1805, in the presidency of Thomas Jefferson. Her age was 74 years and 8 days. She was childless but she loved children. She had a hobby of raising small tomatoes of various shapes, colors and sizes. She gave me many of them. I played with them and called them "Aunty tomatoes" but I could not eat them. She allowed me to play with her prayer beads. For several years she occupied the room which had been my birthplace but after Grandmother Merrill's death she was housekeeper for a friend. She was a great reader but

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of very narrow range. The Boston Pilot, a Roman Catholic newspaper, was her favorite reading matter. Her honesty was incorruptible. Her temper was peppery.

She had been a widow since 1860. It seems that her husband left her little or no estate. She was very industrious. She was buried in the Catholic cemetery about two miles east of Guthrie Center, Iowa, and about three-fourths of a mile north of the highway. George and I visited her grave Sept. 18, 1928. The cemetery is fairly well kept and still has the native prairie grass. Her gravestone bears the monogram, IHS, usually engraved on a Catholic's gravestone. These letters once stood for an abbreviation of the Greek spelling of *Jesus*. The present use is as a monogram of the Latin phrase *Iesu\$ Hominem Salvator*, meaning Jesus Savior of men. Three sisters, so different and all born in Pennsylvania, all found graves in distant Iowa.

LETTER V.

Letter V was written to Julia. Mr. Kelly knows what Shultz is doing but still he and his mother have not heard where Nancy is nor whether she is still living. Nancy had moved to Iowa four years before. It seems that people in those days must have been very careless about their correspondence. Their letters were short and almost void of family news. The remainder of this letter has been lost. The part following contains the last we know of William Kelly, his family, his brothers, his sister Sally and his mother.

Dunmore, Luzern Co., Penn., May 7, 1861.

My Sister Julia: I am a going to take my pen in my hand to write to let you know ours are. My family are very well. I have four children and one dead in Wilkesbarre. I am a shoemaker and keep my grocery store but it is not much.

Many men are going south for war. My mother is very well and Mary's Francis Brady is dead in Pottsville last year. John died about years ago. He was buried in in York Co., Penn. Arthur's wife is dead, also child dead. She got sick only 15 days, then she died in Danville. His daughter married last April 20th, 1861. My daughter is 10 years old. She is tall. [One] son is 7 years and two daughters at 4 yrs. and 20 months [respectively]. Their names [are] Catherine, Julia, Fanny J. [and] and Francis Brady. Arthur died about 5 years ago. Sally moved from Pittston to Tunkhannock. Her husband's name is Thomas Kinney. He is wealthy and he bought a large farm. He sold 3 houses and 2 farms in Pittston.

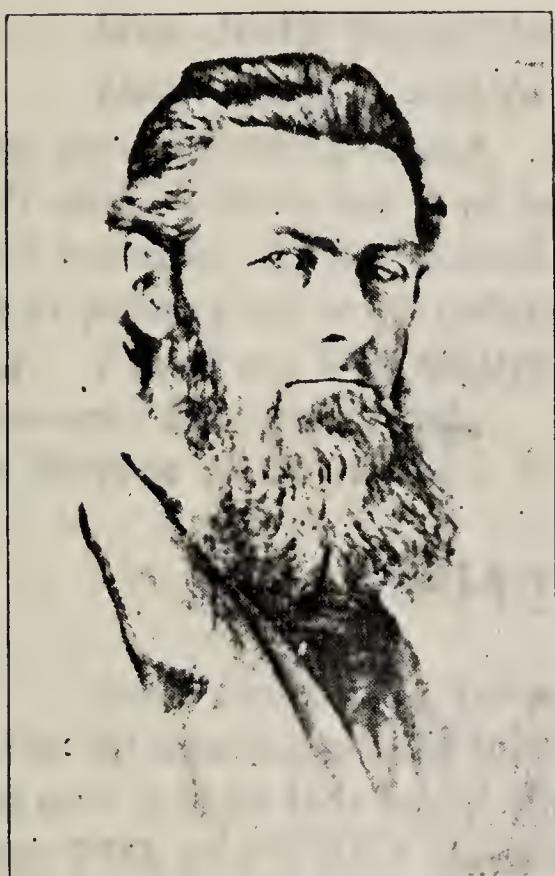
I did not hear about from Adrian Merrill in Blendon Township, Ohio. He tired on Moore's [farm] up [to] about 3 years [ago]. I did never hear about from our brother Charles. We thought that he died many years ago. I am 40 years old last March. My wife is 38 years old. Her grandfather is living very well. He is 109 years old and is a very rich miser in York town, York Co., Penn. He is 7 feet high, his hair is not white and his teeth are all strong [and] good. I sometimes receive a letter from him. My mother to know where is Nancy dead or alive. I received a letter from her lately. It said that she wants to know where is Nancy —living or moving away. . . . I wish to see you very much but it is too far to go. I want to know what is your farm and blacksmithing. How is your farm raising? What are the prices of corn, wheat &c.? I am going to move to Harrisburg Penn. about next two months, so that I expect, for a new large grocery store. My daughter keeps it for selling very well. She can write very well like me.

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The last pages of the preceding letter are lost and perhaps will be forever missing. Not one later written word do we have from that generation. The Civil War was on and it engaged the attention of all for several years.

William M. Kelly.



WILLIAM M. KELLY.

relating to the Merrill and Kelly families. Mrs. Katherine (Travers) Kelly was still living in 1861. Doubtless many of her descendants are still living in Pennsylvania. It is the pleasant lot of some 170 of us to be descendants of her daughter Nancy, but it is strange that we have totally lost all track of all the others. Mr. Shultz has a photograph of Mrs. William Kelly—a pleasant looking lady.

ADRIAN MERRILL TO MARTIN SHULTZ.

Blendon, [Ohio], August 28, 1856.

M. R. Shultz. Sir: I thought I would try to write a few lines to let you know that we are alive and well at present and hope this will find you the same. I can't think of any news to write but I must tell you in the start that Ruth has got a boy. You wrote in James' letter whether I thought of coming out there this fall. Well, if I could sell off what little I have, I should, but I can't. The drouth has been so hard this summer that the pasture is all dried up and corn crops are very light, which makes stock of all kinds dull sale and my cattle and colts is the butt end of what I have to go on. I want to go to Iowa or some place as soon as I can get what little I have in money. I think now you may look for us out there a year from this fall. I have thought some of coming out there this fall myself but it will cost me about 50 dollars and I am too poor to afford it. I want you to write to me as soon as you can and as often. You must not think I don't want to hear from you because I don't write often. I can't write as well as I could once and never could very well.

If I can sell between this and next spring, I may come out in the spring. I heard to-day that Mary has a girl. If you see them, tell them we are all well. I want you to tell me what [are the] chances of getting land second-handed.

To M. R. Shultz, Esq.

A. Merrill.

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P. S. James and Thomas Belford said they were going to write to you next Sunday and I suppose James will tell you [whether] he is coming out to buy your land or not. I want to know how crops look in that country.

Mrs. Ruth Merrill Hays to Martin Shultz and wife. Same date and paper.

Dear Uncle and [Aunt]: I thought I would write a few lines to let you know how we are getting along. We are not keeping house. Add went out to Iowa last fall and we have not kept house since but we are a going to Newark to live as soon as I am able. He has rented a nice house to live in. Add had got an engine to run. He is getting 50 or 60 dollars a month. I can't write any more for the baby is crying. I send my love to Mary and all the rest. Write soon. Direct your letters to Newark, Licking county. Good bye. I remain yours.

To Martin R. Shultz.

Ruth A. Hays.

ADRIAN MERRILL TO MARTIN SHULTZ.

Blendon, [Ohio], Jan. 28, 1857.

Dear Friend: After so long a time, I thought I would try to answer your letter to let you know that we had not forgotten you entirely. We are all well at present and I hope this may find you all the same. Caroline had another girl born Dec. 11th and it died when it was four weeks old. We had a letter from Ruth a few days ago. They were well. I have no news much to write. We had a hard summer here. Last summer our crops were very light and we have had a cold dry winter so far.

I think if we all have our healths, we will make a break for the west next fall. I have been quite lame with the rheumatism this winter but I think I shall be better when summer weather comes. I want [you] to write and let me know what kind of a winter you have had out there and whether you think I could stand it without freezing. James wants you to write what wages is. He has some notion of going out there in the spring. Write as soon as you can. Don't put it off as I do.

Ruth wrote that they had a letter from you and that you had a letter from Bill Kelly. Did he write anything about ever coming west? Julia's mamma wants to know whether you have any stores or groceries there. She is afraid of starving. Well, write all about it and in the spring I will write. No more this time.

To Martin R. Shultz.

Adrian Merrill.

We have nothing more written by Adrian Merrill until after he had moved to Bear Grove, Iowa. One letter written from there may found on pages 4 and 5. The climate and crops were naturally the chief matters of interest to men going to a new and strange land to better their condition. People then were not as well prepared to withstand bad weather. That was in the days before rubber clothes. Pioneers took risks that we would not dare to take now. All this talk about going to Iowa is of much interest to all of us who were to be born in the west. It is like peeping in to watch the Fates arrange our destiny. A good text for a Mohammedan fatalist, perhaps!

LETTERS.

Information about the Merrill and Kelly families from letters supplied by William Shultz.
Edited by A. M. Merrill.

In 1916, Virgil Merrill, son of Alfred Merrill, obtained the following information from the Bureau of Information of the Ladies' Home Journal:

"From the records of the census of Vermont in 1790 the following appear as names of heads of families in that state:

Abel Merrill,	Orange County, Vermont.
Abner Merrill,	" " "
Elias Merrill,	" " "
Isaac Merrill,	" " "
John Merrill,	" " "
Nathaniel Merrill,	Rutland "
Peter Merrill,	" " "

Virgil's recollection is that Adrian Merrill's father was named Isaac. Several families that I have known of trace their ancestry back to Vermont.

In a letter to me from William Shultz, Dec. 4, 1928, he wrote, "You will remember that in a former letter I made the statement that I never heard of a brother or sister of Adrian Merrill being mentioned. Now I wish to correct that statement, as it comes back to my mind very clearly that he had an elder brother by the name of Isaac. He was a Protestant minister and one incident I remember of hearing of is that he came to visit his brother Adrian about the time of the birth of the latter's eldest son and that babe was named Isaac in honor of its uncle. I have often heard my mother and Aunt Mary Brady speak of him but I do not remember anything about which church he was minister for."

A few days ago, I got the address of a Nathaniel Merrill in Wisconsin. His father came from Vermont. I shall write at once to inquire what he knows about his ancestors and relatives. I here ask the help of Adrian Merrill's descendants in the effort to trace our Merrill ancestors back of Adrian Merrill.

Caroline Merrill Rugg to Martin Shultz and wife.

Blendon, [Ohio], June 1, 1856.

Dear Uncle and Aunt: We got your long-looked-for letter last night and I hasten the first opportunity for answering it. We began to think that you had forgotten us as Homer and Mary have. They have never written us a letter since they left and I would like so well to have them write. You never mentioned a word about them in your letter. I want to know what the rumpus is between you and them. I want to see them so much. I hope they are doing well. Father was here just now and said he ought to answer your letter but told me to write for both of us. We are all well with the exception of mother and Date. She had a little sick spell last week and Date's chills return occasionally. My baby has been having chills but is well now. Date is clearing off some land and James with two or three others are working for him.

We haven't heard from Isaac since you left and don't know whether he is dead or living. Sometimes I think he is dead and then again that he will be home in the spring. Mother grieves a great deal about him. . . .

Six o'clock. This forenoon while I was writing, Sootie took another chill and I had to quit until the fever passed off so you see I have to scribble between

The Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

First Generation.

FAMILY RECORD

[As far as at present obtainable]

Isaac Newton Merrill	Born	1824?	Died	Mar. 11,	1891.
Margaret Caroline Merrill	„ Nov. 22,	1827	„ Dec. 13,	1899.	
Ruth Merrill	„ Nov. 27,?	1829	„		
Mary Merrill	„ Mar. 10,	1833	„		
James Goble Merrill	„ Nov. 1,	1835	„ May 3,	1901.	
William Merrill	„	1838?	„		1847?.
George Washington Merrill	„ July 14,	1841	„ May 15,	1919.	
Alfred Homer Merrill	„ Oct. 23,	1843	„ Nov. 10,	1910.	
Virgil Douglas Merrill	„ Dec. 26,	1848	„ Aug. 14,	1869.	

The sketches of the first generation will be paged thus: of Isaac the pages will be A1, A2, &c.; of Caroline, B1, B2, B3, &c., and of the others in like manner.



ISAAC NEWTON MERRILL
BORN — 1824 (?)
DIED MAR. 11, 1891

ISAAC NEWTON MERRILL.

Isaac Newton Merrill, the first child of Adrian and Nancy Merrill, was born at or near Tunkhannock, Pennsylvania, in probably 1824. He died at Bingham, Utah, March 11, 1891, at the age of about 67 years. At the time of this publication his birthday has not been found. When he was a small boy, his parents and he and his sisters, Caroline and Ruth, moved to Delaware County, Ohio, and later to the adjoining county of Franklin. There he attended the public schools and later the Presbyterian school started there and named "Central College". He became a good scholar and taught school. I have an old algebra that he used and on the fly-leaf is written with pencil —

"Isaac N. Merrill,
Central College,
Ohio."

The date can no longer be read. The old book is almost free from marks, altho both my father and I studied it. My father had also a copy of an English translation of Legender's algebra which had been Isaac's.

Mrs. Helen (Rugg) Taylor writes that her mother (Caroline Merrill) told that when the cornerstone of one of the brick buildings of Central College was to be laid, Isaac, who was about 17 years old, wished to attend the ceremony, but he lacked a pair of pants suited to his notion. It was new pants or no go, so Caroline hur-

ISAAC NEWTON MERRILL.

ried and finished the pants in time for the ceremony. In September, 1925, Mrs. Taylor sent me some kodack views of the remaining buildings. I have used two.

Isaac was a very accurate shot with a rifle—a very much prized accomplishment at that time. That made him an often winner at the shooting match and winning in turn fed the appetite for gambling. Father said that Isaac was always a gambler.

As has been said already, Isaac, Caroline and George attended Central College. The views here given were taken late in 1925. All buildings now remaining are used by the State of Ohio as an asylum for destitute deaf-mutes.

When the discovery of gold in California was announced in 1848, many young men from Ohio hastened to the new Eldorado. With them was Isaac Merrill—never to see again any of his kindred except (I believe) his brother Alfred. Alfred went to the far west many years after and, as I remember, he saw Isaac in northern California. I am not sure about this. Isaac never returned to the eastern states unless as a soldier of the Civil War. His portrait shows the uniform of a Federal soldier. I know nothing of his military career except what follows in connection with his burial.

Years went by and he was lost to his relatives. Then came these two clippings from the Salt Lake Daily Tribune:

"Isaac N. Merrill, an old soldier of General Connor's command, for twenty-six years a resident of Bingham (Utah), the discoverer of the well-known Yosemite mine, and at one time Recorder of the West Mountain Mining District, died yesterday morning, March 11, 1891, at the Yosemite mine, aged about 67 years."

On March 14, the same paper said,

"The funeral of I. N. Merrill took place in Odd Fellows' Hall in Bingham yesterday under the auspices of the Grand Army. A detail from the city consisting of Comrades Swan, Squires, Campbell, Hres and Kaign joined with Comrades Butler, Guilliani, May, Keyser and Clays of Bingham in conducting the funeral services. The services at the hall consisted of singing by a choir, prayer by the chaplain and a fitting address reviewing the life and character of the deceased by his old friend Col. M. M. Kaign."

The body was then followed by a large procession down the canon to Bingham cemetery, where the deceased had expressed a desire to be buried. Here at the grave the funeral services and ritual of the G. A. R. were performed and the lovable old man was left in his last resting place. Peace be to his ashes and loving regard to his memory.

The pallbearers were P. Clays, H. M. May, J. O. Campbell, George Crowley and W. H. Squires."



MEN'S DORMITORY at Central
College. Built in 1842.

ISAAC NEWTON MERRILL.

Some lawyers and detectives believe that there is "always a woman in the case." The old family stories tell that Isaac had a love affair with a girl named Emma and grandmother spoke of her as "Em." It was supposed that the adverse ending of that matter was a factor in his deciding to follow the "Forty-niners." Also, it is said that he named a mine which he discovered the "Emma mine", altho he was never able to say "Emma mine" of the other Emma.

Another story was that he and a partner accumulated a considerable fortune and spent it in building a dam to turn the course of some river near Marysville, California. They expected to more than replace the fortune spent by placer mining in the old bed of the river. Just as the dam was finished, a mountain flood swept the dam away and left the partners penniless. From that event we know nothing until he arrived in Utah with the soldiers of Gen. Connor. From the excerpt following, it appears that he might have been in California from about 1850 to 1862. How long his military service lasted, we do not know, but he was in Bingham in 1865 and lived there 26 years until his death in 1891.

After hearing of Isaac's death, my father wrote to Col. M. M. Kaighn (before mentioned) and the following is an excerpt from Kaighn's reply:

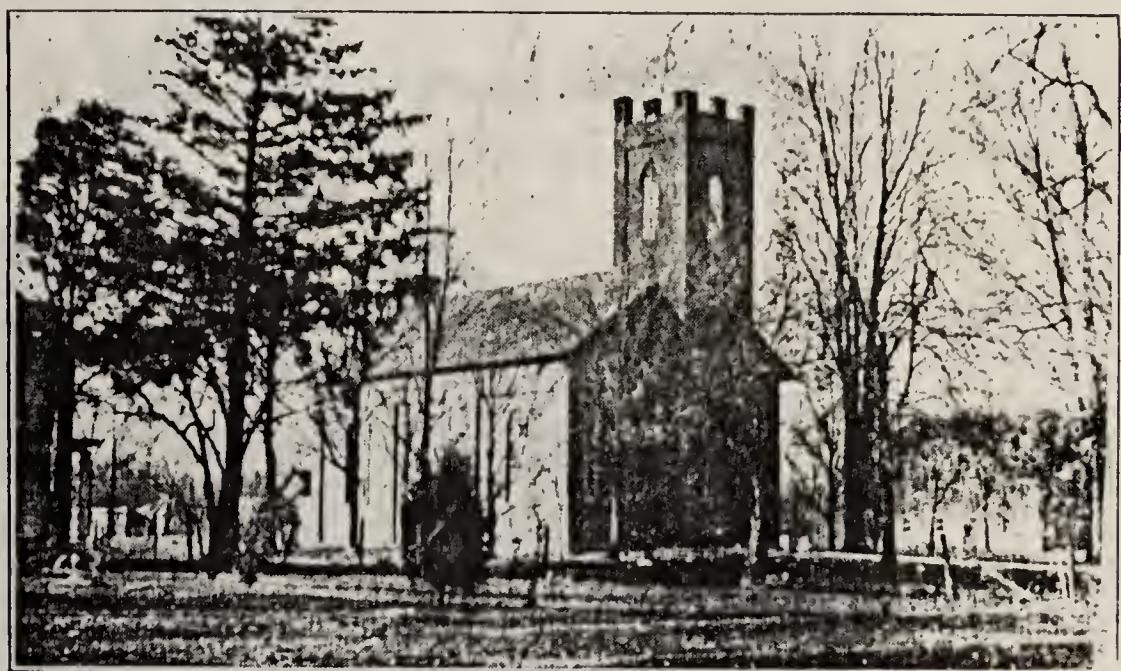
"Your brother died on March 10 [printed notice says 11th] at the Yosemite mine, Bingham, sometime between 7:30 in the morning and 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon, probably from heart failure. He had been drinking pretty hard for a week before. He left a few hundred dollars in money and a few articles of personal property and a half-interest in a mine called the "Yampa" in Bingham. . . . Your brother was one of the whitest souled men I ever knew. I have known him intimately for twelve years, was associated with him in business matters and made the address at his funeral in Bingham. I have no relative living who is dearer to me than was the dear old man. He had hosts of friends and not an enemy. He died peacefully without any fear of death. . . . "

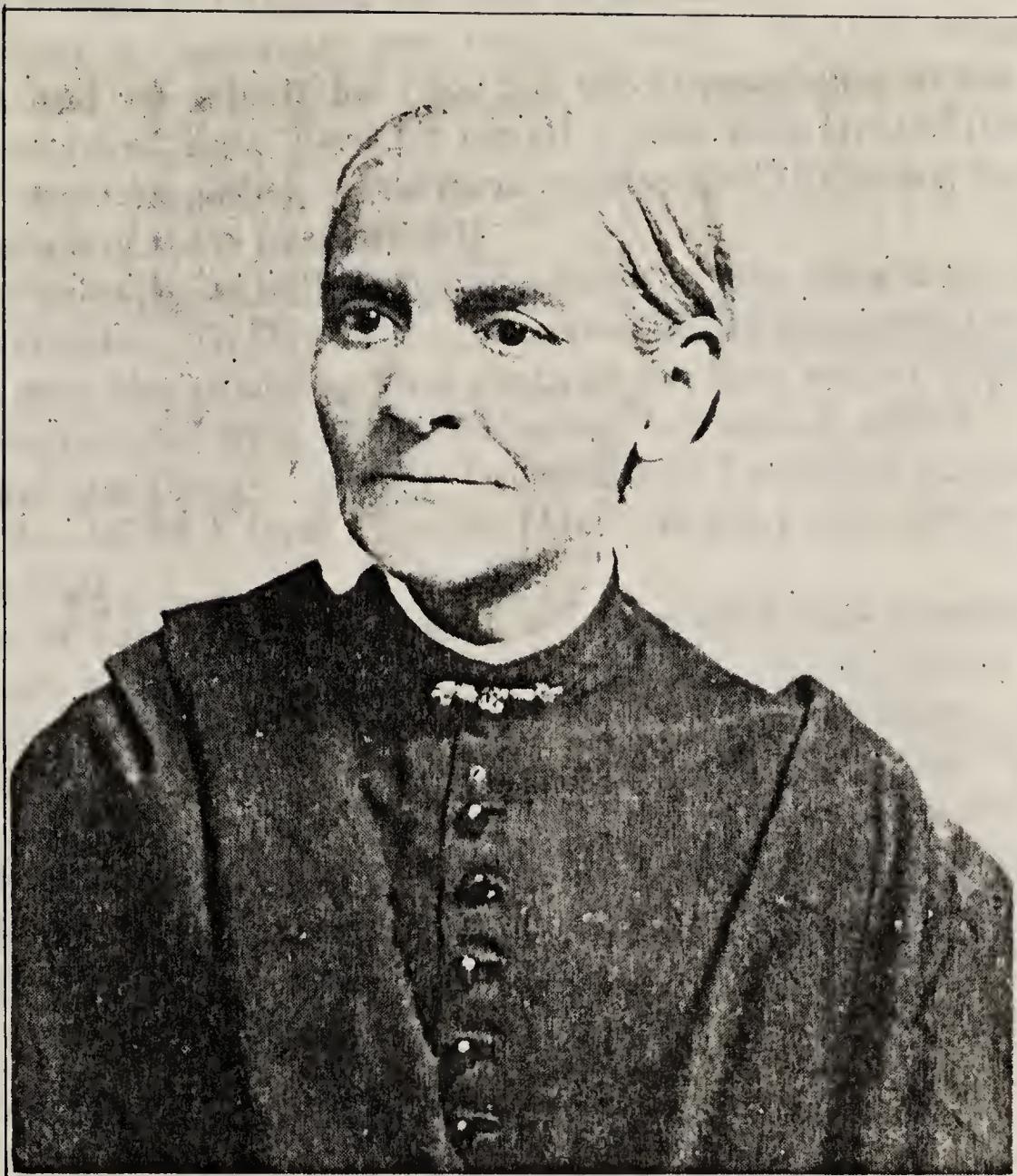
Sincerely Yours,

M. M. Kaighn.

Bingham is at the bottom of a deep gorge and the town is 50 feet wide and two miles long. A narrow street runs between the two rows of houses. The mountains surrounding are made largely of copper ore—one of the largest bodies known. Two good views of Bingham and the works are shown in the National Geographic Magazine of January, 1926.

Note.—I have tried several times by letter to Bingham and Salt Lake City but have learned nothing. I shall continue. What I learn will appear as Page A4.





MARGARET CAROLINE MERRILL.

BY HELEN RUGG TAYLOR.

Margaret Caroline Merrill was the daughter and second child of Adrian Merrill and Nancy Kelly and was born at, or near, Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, Pa., Nov. 22, 1827. She died, Dec. 13, 1899, at her home on the Sunbury Road, about five miles north of Columbus, Ohio, at the age of 72 years. When a small child she moved, with her parents, to Delaware County, Ohio. A few years later they moved to Blendon Township in Franklin County, where Caroline lived the rest of her life. Her first few years were spent on the banks of the Susquehanna river, where she remembered playing with her brother Isaac, as they clambered over the rafts of pine logs floating down the river—a pretty dangerous pastime.

There were seven children younger than she and her help became one of the supports of the family. Caroline was blessed with an intellect above the average. She had an exceptionally good education and a wonderfully keen mind. She was a fluent speaker and had a wide knowledge. Her life was one of sacrifice and devotion to her family and home, and full of toil and joys and sorrows, such as mothers usually know. She was always kind and helpful to others.

Caroline attended the district schools—such as they were—when a child and later the Academy at Central College in the same township where she resided. Her name appears in the Catalogs of 1849—1851. She taught in the public schools until her marriage, Nov. 18, 1852, to Dayton Rugg.

MARGARET CAROLINE MERRILL.

(1827—1899.)

My father made the overland trip to California in 1849, returning later via the Pacific Ocean, the Isthmus of Panama, the Gulf of Mexico and thence by the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Cincinnati and thence home. He then bought the farm on which he built and on which he lived the whole remainder of his life. After father and mother married, they lived for nearly a year with Grandfather Merrill's until the new home was completed. The farm consisted of 154 acres, in two parcels, and is still in the hands of their descendants.

At our father's death, he willed 25 acres each to his daughters, Emma, Sootie, Helen and Gertrude. To Dayton Jr., he gave the old homestead of about 33 acres and to Ada he gave the adjoining land north of the lane which divided the two parcels of land. Dayton still lives in the old house, but he has added a second story. Ada lives on her patrimony. Sootie, Gertrude and I sold our portions to Emma as they adjoined the Dickey farm. Emma [Mrs. Dickey] still resides there, altho Mr. Dickey died in 1904.

Mother was of just medium height. Her weight was probably about 110 pounds—possibly not more than 100. She was straight, quick, active and always alert. It seems she was always averse to having her picture taken. The cabinet photograph, reproduced on the preceding page, was taken when she was about 65 years old and I sat on the floor and cried her into the notion of having it taken. Her general health and strength must have been wonderful and her endurance and determination of iron. She was the mother of ten children, of whom four died in infancy, but the six others are living at this date. Her family record is as follows:

FAMILY RECORD.

Emma Caroline Rugg	born Sept. 3, 1853.		
Sootie J. Rugg	born Feb. 27, 1855.		
Julius Rugg	born Dec. 1856,	died	1857.
Delia Rugg	born Dec. 1858.	died	1859.
Infant	born Dec. 1859.	died	1860.
Helen Rugg	born Apr. 18, 1861,		
William Rugg	born Mar. 24, 1863,	died Jan.	1865.
Dayton Rugg	born Feb. 28, 1865.		
Ada Rugg	born Apr. 28, 1867.		
Gertrude Rugg	born Oct. 4, 1872.		

The marriage of Caroline Merrill to Dayton Rugg took place in the home of his sister, Mrs. Jane McKillop McCutchen, at Central College, Ohio, and was solemnized by Rev. Ebenezer Washburn, the Presbyterian minister of that place. The bridegroom was the youngest child of Moses Rugg, who was a native of Vermont, and who enlisted in a Massachusetts regiment and served during the Revolutionary War and came to Ohio in the early 1800dr'ds. Moses was born in 1759 and died Apr 21, 1832 and was buried in Riverside Cemetery, Mifflin Township, Franklin County, Ohio. My father and mother are buried there, too. Moses had a brother, Phineas, who rode on horseback from Vermont to visit Moses. Phineas, also, was a Revolutionary soldier.

I do not know who Moses Rugg's first wife was nor when nor where she died. They had eight children that I have a fairly good trace of. He then married a young widow by the name of Isabella L. (Nicholson) McKillop, who had two children. To this marriage were born Eliza, Sarah, Theodore and Dayton—my father. My grandmother was 35 years old when my father was born and grandfather was 60 years old.

MARGARET CAROLINE MERRILL.

(1827—1899.)

(j) *The cut opposite is taken from a photograph in Dayton Rugg's old age. I never saw him but heard much spoken in his praise by my father. An earlier portrait does not seem to be available. His revolutionary ancestry entitles his daughters to membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution, to which they are proud to belong.*

Mother never was much given to telling little anecdotes. Life was more serious to her. Sometimes when Aunt Mary would tell, or begin to tell, to us girls, some little event that had happened or tell what a fine-looking beau my father was when he came to see my mother and what a fine span of horses he drove, &c., mother generally shut Aunt Mary off with, "Why talk such foolishness to children?", or "Mary, what next will you be talking about?" As I was quite a young girl, I paid little heed to the many things she said. I guess I was like Aunt Mary, always speaking whatever came into my head.

In the early days of school-teaching, the teacher boarded around and was very fortunate if she found one or two pleasant places where she could board most of the time. Mother said that at one place where she went to board, when she went to retire, she found a big bundle of something in the bed. Examination showed that it was the good woman's baking of bread that she had put in there to "sweat". At another place she received such a cordial welcome from the bed-bugs that she had to get up and sit in a chair and doctor the stinging bites until morning.

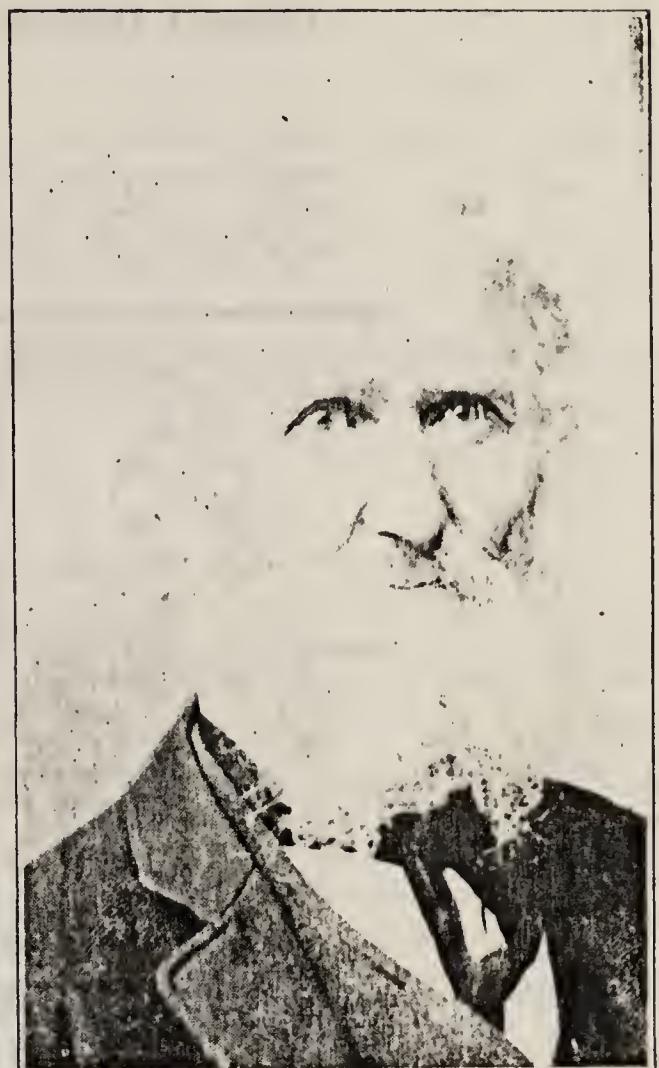
The year before mother was married, Grandfather Merrill's had a siege of malarial fever. Uncle Isaac and my mother were taken to "Uncle Simeon Moore's" for his wife, "Aunt Laura", to take care of. They were no kin to us but everybody called them "Uncle Sim and Aunt Laura". When Mother and Uncle Ike were convalescing, they were craving some of Aunt Laura's pumpkin pies. The doctor forbade (of course) having the pie. Uncle Sim took the matter in hand, sneaked the pie and fed the starving patients. They devoured the pie ravenously and were none the worse for *obeying nature instead of the doctor*. I am send-



The old Rugg home now occupied by
Dayton Rugg, Jr.

ing a copy of the receipt given to mother by old Dr. Geo. W. Landon for his service to her at that time. "Received of Caroline Merrill Five Dollars in full of all demands. October 20, 1851. Geo. W. W. Landon, M. D."

Note: (j) Matter in Italics in this article has been inserted by A. M. Merrill by way of addition or explanation.



DAYTON RUGG.

1821—1904.

and the author's own experience with the people and their culture.

The author's personal experiences with the people and their culture are presented in the second section of the book, with the title "My People." This section consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends." The author's people are described as being "kind and gentle, simple and honest, and deeply religious." The author's family is described as being "a large and happy family, with many children and grandchildren." The author's friends are described as being "a group of people who are kind and gentle, simple and honest, and deeply religious."

The third section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends." The author's people are described as being "kind and gentle, simple and honest, and deeply religious." The author's family is described as being "a large and happy family, with many children and grandchildren." The author's friends are described as being "a group of people who are kind and gentle, simple and honest, and deeply religious."

The fourth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The fifth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends." The author's people are described as being "kind and gentle, simple and honest, and deeply religious." The author's family is described as being "a large and happy family, with many children and grandchildren." The author's friends are described as being "a group of people who are kind and gentle, simple and honest, and deeply religious."

The sixth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The seventh section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The eighth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The ninth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The tenth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The eleventh section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The twelfth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The thirteenth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The fourteenth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The fifteenth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

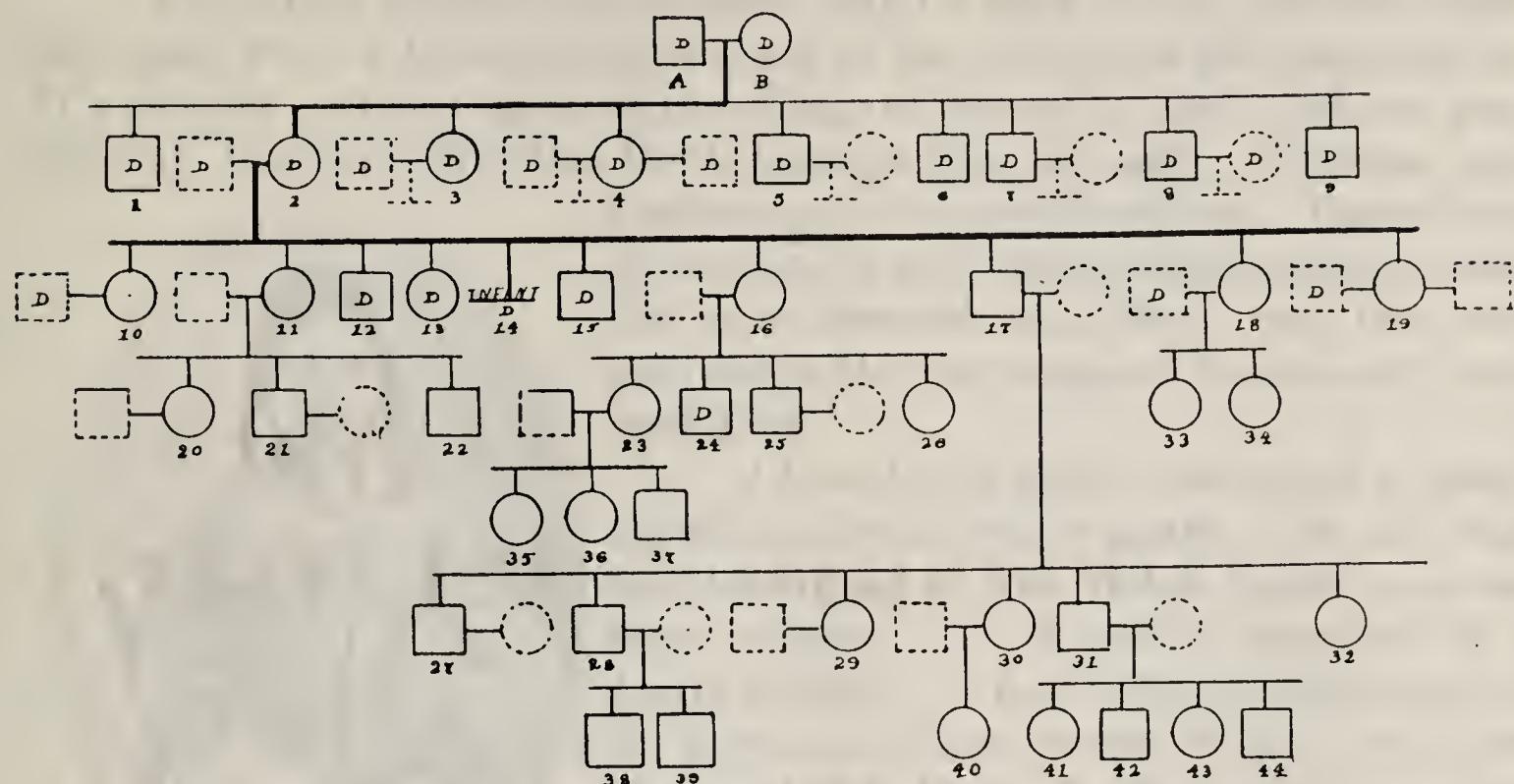
The sixteenth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

The seventeenth section of the book, titled "My People," consists of three chapters: "The Author's People," "The Author's Family," and "The Author's Friends."

MARGARET CAROLINE MERRILL.

(1827—1899.)

Merrill Family Tree—Margaret Caroline Merrill Branch.



A. Adrian Merrill. B. Nancy Kelly.

Children of Adrian Merrill and Nancy Kelly. (9)

1. Isaac Newton Merrill.	2. Margaret Caroline Merrill.
3. Ruth Merrill.	4. Mary Merrill.
5. James Goble Merrill.	6. William Merrill.
7. George Washington Merrill.	8. Alfred Homer Merrill.
9. Virgil Douglas Merrill.	

Children of Margaret Caroline Merrill. (10)

10. Emma Caroline Rugg.	11. Sootie J. Rugg.	12. Julius Rugg.
13. Delia Rugg.	14. Infant.	15. William Rugg.
16. Helen Rugg.	17. Dayton Rugg.	18. Ada Rugg.
19. Gertrude Rugg.		

Grandchildren of Margaret Caroline Merrill. (15)

20. Mable Margaret Bever.	21. Roscoe Conkling Bever.
22. Thurlow Weed Bever.	23. Emma Louise Taylor.
24. John King Taylor.	25. William Trumbo Taylor.
26. Margaret Merrill Taylor.	27. John Harris Rugg.
28. Dayton M. Rugg.	29. Ethel Margaret Rugg.
30. Zora Isabel Rugg.	31. Ellsworth Elmer Rugg.
32. Zelma Eugenia Rugg.	33. Helen Faye Turney.
34. Gwendolyn Margaret Turney.	

Great-grandchildren of Margaret Caroline Merrill. (10)

35. Dorothy Louise McCann.	36. Margaret Catherine McCann.
37. William Taylor McCann.	38. Robert Dayton Rugg.
39. Theodore Arnold Rugg.	40. Patricia Ann Fletcher.
41. Elinor June Rugg.	42. John Russell Rugg.
43. Ruth Elaine Rugg.	44. Royal Wilton Rugg.

The squares represent males and the circles females. Dotted squares and circles represent persons who have married into the Merrill family. The letter "D" means deceased.

MARGARET CAROLINE MERRILL.

1827—1899.

Caroline's youthful appearance may be seen in the portrait below. The cut was made from a daguerreotype taken in the autumn of her marriage when she was 25 years old. It was taken at the village of Granville, Ohio, which was the birthplace of Josephine Warden, Uncle George Merrill's wife. Caroline was decidedly

handsome as the picture shows. Uncle George's rating of his sisters was, that Caroline was the best, Ruth was the most pleasant and Mary was the prettiest. The portrait at the beginning of this memoir was taken in about 1892.



Caroline Merrill
At 25 years of age.

I have taken much care to get a good likeness of Caroline Merrill in her youth. The old daguerreotype, now belonging to Mrs. Helen Taylor, was sent to me for that purpose. As it was 75 years old, it had become badly spotted. I had a copper plate made from it in St. Louis but it was so bad that I would not use it. I then sent it to Boston to the establishment which makes the well known "Copley Prints" and had it restored. The restoration was quite well done but a large number of very fine scratches were left on the silver plate and they showed greatly magnified on the photographic proof. On this proof the scratches had to be painted out

and from this corrected proof the above cut was made. In the changes, the likeness suffered slightly—especially the curls. So far, the daguerreotype has traveled more than 4,200 miles in order to get this little picture for Caroline's descendants. Here's luck to our postal system.

As I look back and think over my mother's life, I can only exclaim, "How did she ever endure the hardships, ceaseless toil and endless sacrifices that she made—the sorrows, sickness, deaths and many keen disappointments!" With ambitions and hopes often blighted, yet she always maintained an even and beautiful dignity and composure that would have done credit to an angel. With never a murmur of complaint or of resentment or of fault-finding, she was devoted to husband, home and children. I can see her yet—not in the easiest chair, nor nearest to the candle, or to the old coal-oil lamp—sitting, knitting, sewing or mending and oftentimes with a baby on her lap and a book or newspaper near by.

Mother never wasted any time and she was well-informed and an excellent conversationist. I think what a shame it was that the orbit of her life had to be so pitifully small when her capabilities were so far above the average. Self-denial and sacrifice and love for her children held her all thru those years—a noble loving mother. She was never inclined to frivolous things but a smile from her was like a ray of sunshine. But oh!, how little time had she to smile—so few of the joys and pleasures—how could she? Her life was made up of the countless little things that stand for so very much in life's routine and that fullness made her life big and noble.

Her home life was always fairly happy and peaceful. Mother and father were alway devoted to each other. Yet I feel that to mother we owe most of all. It was she who shouldered the burdens of the family, as father was more or less an invalid. He would always say to us when we wanted anything, "Go to your mother." She was ever the "good angel." The only time I ever thot of as "mother's time" was on bright summer Sunday mornings, when she and father would walk or

MARGARET CAROLINE MERRILL.

1827—1899.

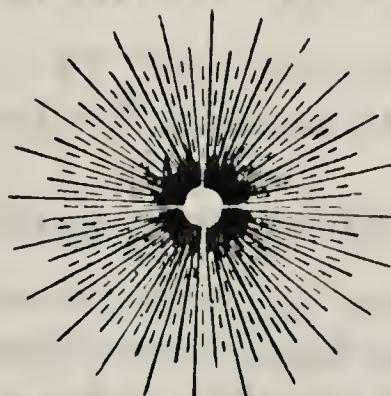
ride to the woods and pastures to salt the sheep and cattle and look over the fields. We children never thought of asking to go along. Mother always came back laden with wild flowers of that particular season. She was a lover of nature and of all things good and beautiful. She never told us many reminiscences of her life. I guess she was always too busy. I do remember that she told us that the steamboat on which Grandfather Merrill and family came down the Ohio from Pittsburgh to Portsmouth, Ohio—when they moved to Ohio—blew up the next morning after they landed.

For Christmas, Thanksgiving and New Year's, mother always had a fine turkey and all the "good things" to go with it. We were perfectly happy and contented without the loads of Christmas gifts. Of course she always put some little thing in our stockings which hung in a row over the old fireplace. She made all our clothes, spun the yarn and knit all our stockings and socks. I have the big old spinning-wheel and reel that her mother gave her. Occasionally, father and mother would go to a "big dinner" at the home of some of their friends and when they returned the favor, it was quite an event for us children. When mother gave a dinner—for she could entertain most graciously—hers was a table that people loved to sit down to. Ofttimes it the doctor and wife, the minister and wife, or a professor, or a lawyer that numbered among the numerous guests who were frequent visitors. Mother was the power behind the throne.

Aunt Caroline's children are somewhat scattered but Emma, Helen, Dayton and Ada live in or near Columbus, Ohio, and Sootie and Gertrude live in Seattle. She had 35 descendants, of whom 30 are now living. Of the five now dead, four were her children who died in infancy. That all but one of the remaining 31 are now living is a very unusual fact.

Page B6.

Jan. 15, 1928.





RUTH ANNA MERRILL and children, ESTELLE
and GEORGE.

This portrait is from a collodion positive probably taken in 1857 when Ruth was 27 years old. It was given to her mother and descended to Alfred and thence to William and he has given it to Mrs. Allan. It now has been restored to almost its original beauty. Aunt Ruth's family did not know of its existence.

Memoir of RUTH ANNA MERRILL.

BY HER DAUGHTERS,
MRS. LILLIE FLORENCE (HAYS) TURNER
AND
MRS. MARY CAROLINE (HAYS) ALLAN.

The Character Sketch was supplied by Mrs. Turner and the Biographical Sketch by Mrs. Allan. The articles overlapped in places and a small part of the repetition was omitted. Matter set in Italics is inserted by A. M. Merrill as addition or explanation.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

Ruth Anna Merrill was born at or near Wilkesbarre, Pa., Dec. 22, 1830. When she was quite small her parents moved to Franklin County, Ohio. She lived there until her marriage to Addison Hays, Nov. 16, 1852. If I remember correctly, she lived at her father's home for some time after her marriage—being there when her oldest child, Estelle, was born. She later moved to Columbus and to Newark and when I was five years old father moved his family to East St. Louis, Illinois. He was then a locomotive engineer on the Ohio & Mississippi railroad. We lived there

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only a short time, as mother's health was poor after the birth of sister Isabelle. We then moved to Lebanon, Illinois, and lived there until about 1881. At that time mother's home was broken up and she and Isabelle came to live with me. She spent her remaining years in my home, being with me when she passed away.

Words fail me when I try to tell what my mother's life was for it consisted not of houses and lands as I believe she never owned a foot of land in her life. Yet she was rich, inasmuch as she had a Father in Heaven "Who holdeth the wealth of the world in His hands." Mother was a real Christian, a devoted mother and a true friend in time of need. Her life was full of sorrow and disappointment, yet she never complained. She was kind and gentle and always willing to do all she could to help others.

I never saw my mother angry in my life nor heard her say an unkind word that would hurt another. She was timid and retiring, caring little for the pleasures of life, other than her home and her children. Always she was ready to go where sickness or death was in her neighborhood to give any service which would help. Well do I remember when the cholera broke out near our home. Many were dying around us and some with no one to care for them or to give them a drink of water. Mother left us with sister Estelle and she was one of the few who risked her life for others who could not care for themselves.

She was small in stature but she had faith and courage within her. She was not strong physically—never weighing more than one hundred pounds and in later life only about ninety. Yet she was never afraid to do what she believed was her duty. I wondered often how such a frail body could hold so much courage and endurance in hard places. She certainly was one of God's noble women! Her days were crowded with suffering, sorrow and sacrifice for others—especially for her children. Not many mothers to-day are called to suffer as mother did. She instilled into our minds that character is better than reputation and that honesty is more than great riches.

As far back as I can remember, mother held a deep respect for her parents—especially for her noble father. She often told us that his word was as good as a bank note to those who knew him. In our mother we found these same qualities and she handed them down to us as something worth while.

She spoke but little of her girlhood life but she often mentioned that she was more of a home girl than her sisters. She preferred to help her mother at the old spinning-wheel that Cousin Helen speaks of as now being in her home. She would often tell us how she could do a day's work at the old wheel second to none of the older ones. Her education was limited yet she was a great reader. She knew the old spelling-book and but few could spell her down even at seventy-five years of age. She was an invalid several years before her death and that gave her time for reading and quilting. She had a wonderful memory and loved nature. She look upon it as the handiwork of God. In the quiet of nature, she found rest and a new strength.

Her family consisted of six children which she reared to maturity. We looked on her as both father and mother for on her was the responsibility of the family. Father was a railroad man and often would be gone far from home for months at a time. This left all on mother but she never failed us. But two of her children are now living—Mary and myself. George was killed at Argentine, Kansas. Estelle and Isabelle passed away in East St. Louis and Addison in Chicago.

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Biographical Sketch.

The many changes of residence of mother and her family were largely due to the fact that my father and brothers were railroad men. After her marriage, mother lived for a time in her father's home north of Columbus, Ohio. Estelle and my brother George were born there. A few weeks after George was born, father got a job at Newark, Ohio, and they moved there and began housekeeping. In a letter which mother wrote, Aug. 28, 1856, to Martin Shultz and wife in Iowa, she said, "We are not keeping house. Add went out to Iowa last fall and we have not kept house since, but we are going to Newark to live as soon as I am able." Her son George was only 18 days old at the date of that letter. On the 6th of Sept., 1856, she wrote to her uncle William Kelly that she was living in Newark. Brother Addison was born at Newark.

From Newark the family moved to Columbus, Ohio, and Lillie and I were born there. We lived on High street. This brought us up to the period of the Civil War which began in 1861. Mother told us that father did not enlist and that Uncle Bill Hubbard of Columbus paid a substitute for my father so that father would not be so far from mother and the children. Mother also said that tho father did not enlist, he ran a government train in the South during the war and she was left alone in Columbus with four little children. There was a military camp near our home and the soldiers frightened her very much as they carried water from our yard and sometimes became drunk and made much disturbance. She would never undress at night as she did not know what might happen. The soldiers had trouble with the police. Mother said, "God certainly took care of me and the babies."

Cousin Helen Taylor writes that during that time "Uncle Add went off down south and left Aunt Ruth and four or five children with nothing. They came out to our house and stayed. So you see what work mother and Aunt Ruth had. I know they canned and preserved berries, peaches, pears and everything they could get." I asked sister Lillie about this and she says mother and the children moved to Aunt Caroline's for a while for father was gone some time. When he came back they returned to Columbus. I do not know when we moved to East St. Louis but sister Isabelle was born there in 1868. From there we moved to Lebanon, Illinois. Father's run was so that it was better for him. Some years later we moved to Seymour, Indiana. Father's run then was from Seymour to Cincinnati. We lived there several years. Sister Estelle lived there, too, as her husband, Thomas Bowman, was firing on the B. & O.

Father was an engineer on the B. & O. for some 35 years, off and on. While living in Seymour, father lost his run and he decided to go west. He was gone some time and as mother's health was poor, we decided to break up housekeeping. Mother went to live with sister Estelle, and Isabelle and I went to Cincinnati to live with Lillie. Isabelle and I went to work and several months later, mother came to live with us and we were together again and lived in a part of Lillie's house.

Father had let drink master him and it made him so unsteady that he could not be depended on and he could not stay and work anywhere long. He was a good man in many respects but drink had ruined him as it has many others. He made several trips to see us but he had not changed his way of living. In 1894 we received a letter from the authorities in Los Angeles that our father had long been in the Catholic Hospital and was dying of cancer. It said that father wished to see his wife and family and insisted on coming home but would probably die on the way. He came and we cared for him as best we could for three weeks and then he be-

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came unmanageable and we had to send him to the City Hospital in Cincinnati and he lived but a week. He died July 13, 1894, and was buried in St. Joseph's Catholic Cemetery in Cincinnati. While in the hospital in Los Angeles he professed the Catholic faith.

At the time of father's death, I was married and lived in Cincinnati but after about ten years, my husband and I moved to Vincennes, Indiana, and mother soon came and made her home with us. While there, my husband had a prosperous business but he died in 1902. Mother and I continued there about two years while I closed out the business and settled the estate. During that time, Uncle George Merrill visited mother and me. Sisters Estelle and Isabelle had moved to East St. Louis and mother and I decided to move there, too. Lillie had moved to Chicago. In 1904, after the World's Fair, I coaxed mother to move to Chicago. We lived in Englewood, a suburb of Chicago.

In about three years, mother took bronchial pneumonia and after a sickness of only three days, she died, Feb. 1, 1907, at the age of 76 years, 11 months and 1 day. She died at Lillie's home. At the funeral, Rev. C. E. Carnell, pastor of the Nazarenes of Englewood, officiated. Burial was made in Mount Hope Cemetery at East St. Louis. Mother was a devoted Christian all her life. She was a member of the Methodist sect but her family cares and burdens and the absence of her husband so much of the time made it impossible for her to engage in the activities of her church. Mother outlived her two sons. Addison Eugene Hays died in Chicago, Ill., October 9, 1904, aged 54 years. George Adrian Hays was killed by moving flat-car in the switch yards in Argentine, Kansas, April 9, 1889, at the age of 33 years. He left a wife but they had no children. He had gone west to seek employment, but tho he was a locomotive engineer, he was working as a switchman until a better place should be offered. At night, as he stepped off of the switch engine, a flat-car just thrown in on the switch ran over him and he lived but a few minutes. By error, a telegram was sent to mother at Vincennes, Indiana, but she had gone to Covington, Kentucky, and was living with Lillie. After a waste of much time, it was too late for any of us to go to his funeral as we could not locate the place until after the funeral was over. I can see my mother walking the floor and wringing her hands in great agony. She did not weep but was asking God to be with her boy. Before his death, we had not heard from him for several months, but we knew he had gone west from where he had lived in St. Louis. George was not a professing Christian but he lived a clean moral life and when asked what he thought of religious matters he would say, "No, I am not a Christian but I have one of the best Christian mothers that ever lived."

Mother's aim in life was to live to serve God and to keep his commandments and she did not have time for any such hobbies as this generation is taking up. She looked after home and her children. This world had but little attraction for her. Not having good health for most of her life and a large family to look after, she had no time for social life nor for public affairs. She seldom left home only when some one was very sick. At home she spent her all for those she loved. She was a fine Bible student and she kept her Book always where she could get it. I cannot say enough in praise of my mother.

Addison

The remains of mother, sister Isabelle and brother George were laid to rest in graves side by side in Mount Hope Cemetery at East St. Louis and sister Estelle is buried there, too, but in another lot. George was buried at Wyandotte, Kan.

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We had lived in Chicago about three years when mother died. I remained there several years after her death but came back to East St. Louis in 1915 and have lived here ever since. While I lived in Chicago, Uncle George Merrill and his son George made me a short visit. They had come to Chicago with live stock.

In 1916, Lillie moved to Olivet, Illinois, a college village about thirteen miles south of Danville, Illinois. *Lillie lives there yet at this date of printing and so does her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Judd. Mary still lives in East St. Louis and owns her own home at 739 North 27th street and Mrs. Lillie Tegtmeier lives at 758 on the same street. Maud May Bowman (now Mrs. Chester Peters) and her father, Thomas Bowman, and her daughter, Esther Morriss, live in the old Bowman home at 717, Sinclair avenue and Edward Bowman and family live at 1912, Cleveland avenue.*



RUTH ANNA MERRILL (HAYS)

This photograph was taken at Columbus, Ohio. Date unknown. Ruth was about 45 years old.

This photograph was made in Columbus, Ohio, when Aunt Ruth was about 45 years old but the date has been forgotten. It now belongs to her daughter Mary and was loaned for this illustration. It was soiled from having been in a burning building. I had a copy made and retouched to remove the injuries and this cut was made from the new copy.

It is easily seen from the portrait on page CI that she was handsome in her youth. This picture shows that the cares of life had left their traces on her face. She was a small woman as was her sister Caroline. Mary was much larger than either. My father expressed his opinion late in life that Ruth was the best of his sisters but he seemed to have loved Caroline best. He regretted that Mary went her own willful way as long human strength could endure. Mary was no quitter but she tried the impossible. All I know of Aunts Ruth and Caroline is what I have heard. I knew Aunt Mary well.

Family Record of Ruth Anna Merrill (Hays).

Ruth Anna Merrill	Born Dec. 22, 1830	Died Feb. 1, 1907.
Married Addison Hays, Nov. 16, 1852.		
Addison Hays	Born Jan. 20, 1827	Died July 13, 1894.
Clelia Estelle Hays	Born Sep. 24, 1854	Died Jan. 2, 1928.
George Adrian Hays	" Aug. 10, 1856	" Apr. 9, 1889.
Addison Eugene Hays	" Nov. 19, 1858	" Oct. 11, 1904.
Lillie Florence Hays	" Sep. 11, 1861	
Mary Caroline Hays	" Jan. 19, 1864	
Emerett Isabelle Hays	" Apr. 22, 1867	" Apr. 12, 1922.

An error has somehow crept into the family record in Aunt Ruth's Bible. It says that she married Addison Hays, "November 23, 1853". Mrs. Helen Rugg Taylor examined the county records in Columbus, Ohio, and found the following entries in Record V, page 419:

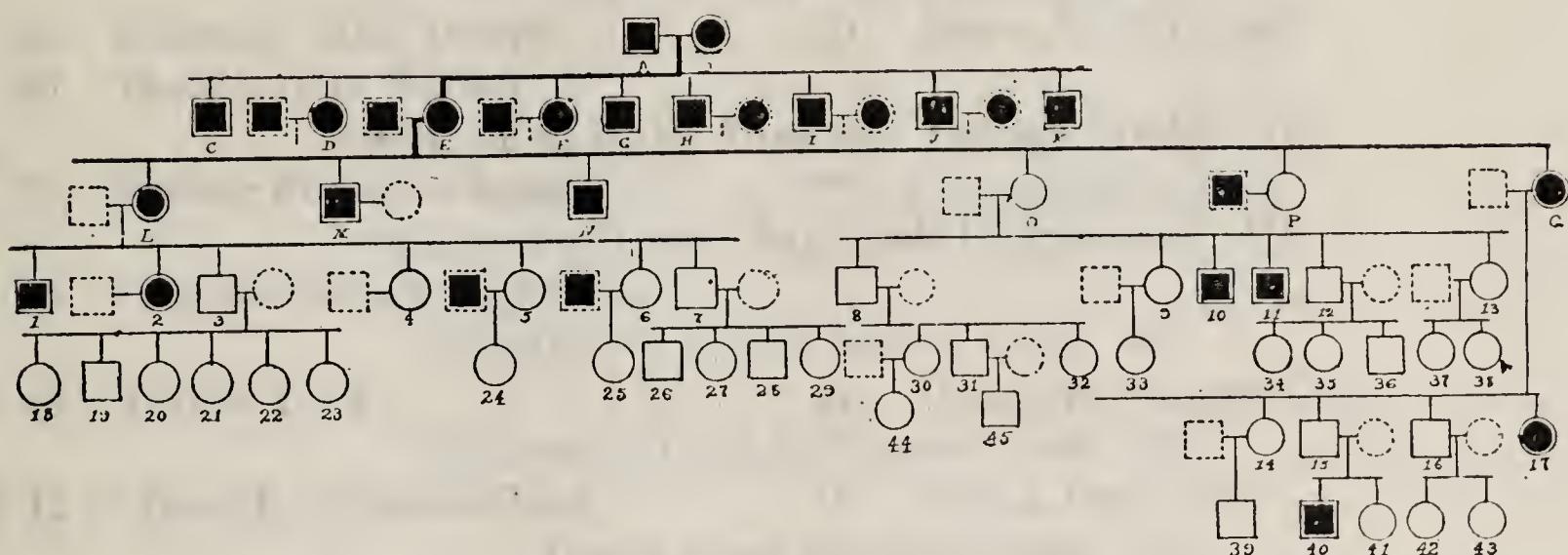
RUTH ANNA MERRILL.

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Addison Hays)	
Ruth Ann Merrill)	Issued Nov. 13, 1852.
D. Rugg)	Married Nov. 16, 1852 by S. Davis, M. G.
Caroline Merrill)	Issued Nov. 13, 1852.
		Married Nov. 18, 1852 by E. Washburn, V. D. M.

This quotation from the record should settle the matter. It may be noted that Addison Hays and D. Rugg obtained licenses on the same date but the weddings were two days apart.

FAMILY TREE—RUTH ANNA MERRILL BRANCH.



The following list of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and great-great-grandchildren was furnished by her daughters, Lillie and Mary:

Children (6)

L. Clelia Estelle Hays	M. George Adrian Hays
N. Addison Eugene Hays	O. Lillie Florence Hays
P. Mary Caroline Hays	Q. Emerett Isabelle Hays

Grandchildren (17)

Children of Clelia Estelle Hays (Bowman) (7)

1. Infant son	2. Bird Bowman
3. George Bowman	4. Pansy Edna Bowman
5. Estelle Clelia Bowman	6. Maud May Bowman
7. Edward Bowman	

Children of Lillie Florence Hays (Turner) (6)

8. George Adrian Turner	9. Clara Pearl Turner
10. James Andrew Turner	11. Robert Shaw Turner
12. Harry William Turner	13. Ruth Annamay Turner

Children of Emerett Isabelle Hays (Cook) (4)

14. Lillie May Cook	15. Frank Adrian Cook
16. George Edward Cook	17. Ruth Ann Cook

Great-grandchildren (26)

Children of George Bowman (6)

18. Thomas Bowman	19. Margaret Bowman
20. Bertha Bowman	21. Mildred Bowman
22. Rose Bowman	23. Pansy Bowman

Children of Estelle Clelia Bowman (Berryman) (1)

24. Susie Berryman

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Children of Maud May Bowman (Morriss) (1)

25. Esther Marion Morriss
 Children of Edward Bowman (4)

26. Edward Bowman 27. Mary Agnes Bowman

28. John Thomas Bowman 29. Thomas Russell Bowman

 Children of George Addison Turner (3)

30. Janice Helen Turner 31. Melville Turner

32. Elinor Turner
 Children of Clara Pearl Turner (Crain) (1)

33. Lillian Viola Crain
 Children of Harry William Turner (3)

34. Florence May Turner 35. James Carl Turner

36. Bessie June Turner
 Children of Ruth Annamay Turner (Judd) (2)

37. Esther Florence Judd 38. Clara Estelle Judd
 Children of Lillie May Cook (Tegtmeier) (1)

39. Charles Henry Tegtmeier
 Children of Frank Adrian Cook (2)

40. Walter Cook 41. Delphine Dolores Cook
 Children of George Edward Cook (2)

42. Dorothy Dolores Cook 43. Wilma Jean Cook
 Great-great-grandchildren (2)
 Children of Janice Helen Turner (Holmer) (1)

44. Gloria May Holmer
 Children of Melville Turner (1)

45. Melville Turner, Jr.

Summary of the foregoing:—

Children	7
Grandchildren	17
Great-grandchildren	26
Great-great-grandchildren	2
	<hr/>
Total number of descendants of Ruth Anna Morrill	52

Total number of descendants of Ruth Anna Merritt

Of the above descendants, 22 are males and 30 are females.

Explanation:—The circles indicate females and the squares indicate males. Dotted line figures indicate those who married descendants of Adrian Merrill and Nancy Kelly and black centers indicate the deceased. The marriage name of females who have had children is given in parenthesis to agree with the offspring but the name of a husband by a later marriage without issue is not mentioned as such a person is not related by blood to the descendants of Adrian Merrill.

I and B are Idrian Merrill and Nancy Kelly and C to K are their children. E is Ruth Anna Merrill. I have been to much trouble to make this family tree free from errors. Aunt Ruth's two living daughters furnished the data. Of the 52 descendants mentioned, I have seen but five- numbers P, G, 7, 14 and 25. I visited East St. Louis on September 18, 1928, and made the acquaintance of these. I made an earlier visit there in search of my relatives but nobody was at home at the residence of Mrs. Estelle Bowman and a coming storm prevented further search.

From all I can learn it seems that gambling and drunkenness must have been very common vices in that part of Ohio in which my grandfather reared his family. It is not my business here to criticize those whom I have never seen but I have

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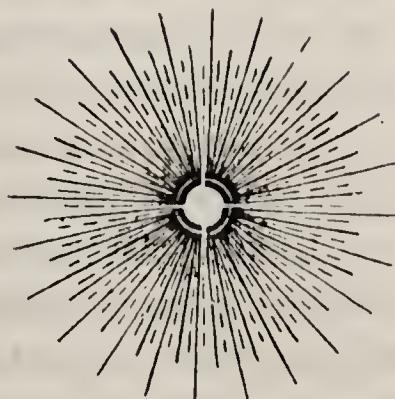
that it my business to make as complete a record as possible of what I have learned. The marriage choices of Ruth and Mary were a great grief to my grandfather and events seem to have proven that his fears were well founded. He knew very well that moral character should be the first consideration. His daughters did not believe it—they lived to learn. What was true then is true now and it is well for us all to learn that all things —both good and bad—are results of causes and that marriage rarely makes a reformation in character.

Aunt Ruth seems to have been a woman of almost limitless patience and of a great determination to rear her children to be good and useful men and women. However, she had to oppose the well-known tendencies of railroad people whose improvidence is proverbial and whose habits are generally greatly shaped by liquor and irregular hours. She was a peace-maker, I am told, and as the Merrill family was large and the children had strong wills, there were often clashes of opinion and intention. At such times Ruth stepped between the contending parties and commanded the peace. Her daughters have given her great praise and no doubt she deserves it all. My father always added his testimony to her goodness. All testimony agrees that she denied herself nearly everything in her struggle to rear her children. I believe we can all agree that she made the best of an environment that was far from the pleasantest.

I here express the hope that these pages in her memory will help her descendants to keep her labors in remembrance and to avoid those things that brought so much sorrow to her.

Page C8.

Nov. 3, 1929.





JAMES GOBLE MERRILL.
ALMEDA (SAXTON) MERRILL.

JAMES GOBLE MERRILL.

By MRS. JOSEPHINE MERRILL SPITLER.

James Goble Merrill, the second son and fifth child of Adrian Merrill and Nancy Kelly was born in Pennsylvania, Nov. 1, 1835. (j) See page Two. *The birth-place is in dispute.* He must have moved to Ohio when quite young, for I do not remember of his talking of Pennsylvania, except as his birth-place. His early life was spent in the neighborhood of Columbus, Ohio. He attended the district school but he was not as studious as his brothers and sisters were. His sister, Mary, said that he was very mischievous—a trait for which his family can truthfully vouch, for he would so ridiculously exaggerate some little mishap that he could make one feel so ludicrous and unimportant. He had such a droll grin.

James was strong and healthy and quite an athlete. He often excelled in the sports of his day. As he could do more work in less time than most men, he usually worked by the job as that gave him more time for amusement.

About two years before Adrian Merrill came to Iowa, (*Adrian came in 1857*) James came, accompanied by two other young men. *James was 20 years old.* He had a sister (Mary Merrill Phelps) living near Bear Grove and an aunt (*Mrs. Julia Kelly Schultz*) lived about twenty-five miles southwest. One of the young men had an aunt whose husband, Mr. Perry Crooks, owned a saw-mill in Bear Grove. The three young men were fortunate in getting work at the mill. James soon acquired an ox breaking-team and broke prairie by the acre in summer and worked in the mill in winter. His father was now in Iowa and James worked on the farm when needed, breaking the soil and building shanghai fences. Father told of the hundreds of rails he made by felling the trees and chopping and splitting to required sizes. Stake-and-rider fences were the kind in common use then.

Soon after Grandfather Merrill was more comfortably settled, James decided

(j) In this memoir, all matter set in Italics is inserted by A. M. Merrill by way of addition, explanation or reference.

JAMES GOBLE MERRILL.

1835—1901.

to satisfy his long desire to go west and to see his brother Isaac. With some gold-seekers, he drove his oxen to Council Bluffs and there he loaded his wagons with bacon and joined an emigrant wagon train for Denver, Colorado.

They were not seriously annoyed by Indians. A few small bands made light attacks and some were begging. James' love of jokes came near getting him into trouble. When an Indian lad pointed to his mouth, indicating hunger, James gave him a cake of soap. The boy bit into it and began to munch. Then he began to look surprised, spit it out and turned away mumbling. The lad's dad resented the joke, but soon that better. I am sure the rattlesnakes alarmed father more than the Indians, for he told some hair-raising snake stories of this trip. A man, a child and one or two oxen were bitten but none died, so they were lucky.

For father, this trip was not a financial success. Several oxen drank alkali water and two of his died. Some of the bacon spoiled. At last the long laborious trip ended at Denver. He sold the remainder of the bacon and joined a freighting outfit. He soon sold his oxen and wagons and began to roam the west. I remember that he told of hunting bears near Pike's Peak and near Cheyenne. He did not see his brother Isaac and that was a great disappointment to him and his mother. However, Alfred met Isaac some years later and remained with him some time. I do not know how long father sojourned in the west but probably not more than two years.

The black pall of war was settling over the land. He came home expecting to answer the call to arms. Fortunately or unfortunately for him, a short time after his return, he was stricken with malaria or typhoid fever. While convalescing he was attacked with sciatica—an affliction from which he suffered occasionally ever after. I think he tried to enlist but was rejected for this ailment. He then got the job of carrying the mail from Adel to Exira.

James Goble Merrill married Miss Almeda Eloise Saxton, December 7, 1861. She was a daughter of Sanford R. Saxton; an early pioneer who emigrated with his family from Michigan to Iowa in 1851. Almeda had attended select and public schools and had taught one school year. She was skilled in many kinds of needle-work, was industrious, economical—a good woman and my precious mother.

Father was still carrying the mail so they lived for some time more than a year with his parents. In 1863, he made original entry for a homestead near his father's farm. The records show that the patent was signed by U. S. Grant, President of U. S. A., to James Goble Merrill. On that homestead, James and Almeda together faced all the hardships of pioneer life. At once he began improvements, doing most of the work himself. All the buildings were of logs. Most of the dwellings around Bear Grove were log-cabins. They were warm in winter and cool in summer.

As I recollect, the cabin father built was a large one and well made. The logs were hewn on the inside. The chinks were filled with mortar, making it wind-proof and not unlike a plastered house. The lumber used was sawed and planed at the mill. The floor was of walnut and was well fitted. A ladder in one corner led up to a chamber. The cellar was reached in like manner thru a trap-door back of the ladder. The shelters for stock were built of logs and covered with rails and hay.

It has been said before this that the Merrills kept good horses and that horse-stealing was common. Grandfather Merrill had a beautiful spotted team and new harness stolen, the thieves breaking the lock. The Vigilance Committee, to which father belonged, traced them to the county north and got the team and harness. The thieves were brot back, given a speedy trial and sentenced to the penitentiary. Anyone knows that a spotted team would be easily traced. About this time, Josh-

JAMES GOBLE MERRILL.

1835—1901.

ua Prior, a neighbor of Grandfather, had a team stolen but it was never found. As a further precaution, father thot that he might defeat their intentions if they came to his stable. So, on each side of the door he set a large post, thru each he bored a big auger hole and thru those holes he passed a chain and locked it with the biggest padlock I have ever seen. That lock remained in our family for years. Just imagine father's joy one morning to find his horses safe inside of the stable, altho both halter-ropes had been cut. He then thot that they might return prepared to saw the chain out. He then brot the wagon close to the cabin and opposite a door and a window and tied the horses to the side of the wagon next to the cabin. Mother sat by the window in the dark during the fore part of the night and father kept guard thru the latter part. One dark night, all at once, the horses became very restless. Mother could see an object on the ground beyond the wagon. She at once wakened father. In his haste some sound was made. The clatter of hoofs proved her apprehension correct. Father gave them a shot from a Vigilant's army Colt. My parents always believed that dad's "hunches" saved their horses. I believe it, too. I believe that was the last attempt at horse stealing.

In writing this memoir, I stop and wonder at the hardships which my parents endured. They married and began their home-building in one of the most trying times of history. The reaction from the deceptive inflation followed the ending of the Civil War, but cousins Arthur and Will Merrill have written of that and of the privations which the settlers suffered. Father's homestead cabin was about three-fourths of a mile from Grandfather Merrill's house and the families visited often. Yet in 1867 or 68, father sold the homestead and bought an 80 with a good brick house on it and right across the road from grandfather's. The houses were so near that the occupants could converse from the doors. It was "great" to live so close to our grandparents and to Uncle Virgil. He was a tease but a real play-fellow. One winter he severely froze his face. He would come over for mother to dress it. I was so sorry for him. I was past six when he died and remember it well.

About 1870 father sold the brick-house farm at an advance. He then bot an unimproved eighty one-half mile west. We lived for a few months in a small cabin while the buildings were being made. The house was frame of four rooms and a story and one-half high. There we abode for a longer time. Five of us were attending the famous No. 10 school. *See page 65.*

At that time father was prospering as well as the average farmer but he became surety for a neighbor and was forced to sell his stock at a sacrifice. His thots again turned to selling. Mother objected much. Uncle George had bot forty acres more and had moved his house north to the road. Thus the three Merrill families lived in a row with our family farthest west. We were reluctant to part with cousins and schoolmates but father's will prevailed.

It happened that all of father's trades and movings were near Grandfather Merrill's house and for several years four Merrill families dwelt along three-fourths of a mile of road. Some folks jokingly called this road "Stringtown" but I always thot "Merrill avenue" was a better name. From there we moved to a partly improved eighty one mile south. *Here he built a house and dwelt several years. This location put the family in another school district. By the time he sold this new place Uncle Jim was showing the effects of age.* We then moved to a small piece of woodland one-half mile north of Bear Grove. There he built a house. He then bought another parcel of land one mile northwest and later he bought several parcels adjoining this and moved the house to the larger acreage. Father liked this last home

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best of all. I think the timber and creek were more to his liking than open prairie. It was and is a pretty place with the timbered hill back and up from the house and from the front one can see across the highway and creek to the fields beyond. It was the real "old home" from which we all left the home nest.

Altho I am living the 43d year in my own home, the old place by the creek is still the "old home" to us. It is still owned and occupied by my sister, Mrs. Minnie Rigler, and her husband. On account of failing health, father sold the land to the above mentioned, but retained the right of joint-tenancy for one year. Most of the personal property he sold at auction. The next year he, with another son-in-law, O. D. Tracy, began a sort of partnership farming on another place. Father furnished most of the stock but no labor. All that summer and fall he was on a decline that medical aid did not check. In December, 1900, his daughters living near planned a collective dinner for Christmas with father and mother as we usually did and to make the day as pleasant in as quiet a manner as conditions would admit. He was pleased that we had done so I am sure. After dinner he sat in his big chair surrounded by his grandchildren while he made turkey-callers from the wing-bones of the Christmas turkey.

His health was a gradual decline the remainder of the winter. On May 2nd there was a decided change for the worse and all realized that the end was nearing. Minnie, Bird, Lulu, mother and the writer were with him ministering in every possible way to his wants. At one time he whispered, "Where is Jo?" I came nearer and took his hand in mine and he clung to my fingers and then slowly released them and took mother's hand. His last words were for mother's welfare. In a short time he became semi-unconscious and passed away May 3d., 1901. Lillie came from Kansas City and Adrian came from Carroll but both came too late to see their father alive. Funeral services were held by the Rev. Ben Nixon, a Free Methodist minister, and burial was made in Bear Grove Cemetery.

Mother made her home with Mrs. Bird Tracy for a few years and then with the writer for nineteen years until my ill health necessitated hospital care for myself. Mother then moved to Mrs. Minnie Rigler's home. After a stay of about seven months she had a sickness of a few hours and died very peacefully and wholly unexpectedly. She was laid beside father in Bear Grove Cemetery.

I am sure no other family has so many relatives lying in Bear Grove Cemetery as James and Almeda Merrill's. The Saxtons came to Bear Grove in 1852. There great-grandfather Miner, two grandfathers, two grandmothers and so many more distant and near are buried.

Father must have been a prepossessing young man for I been told repeatedly that he was handsome and polite. His height was five feet and ten or eleven inches and his weight about 180 pounds. He had soft black curly hair, dark brown eyes and a very dark brown beard. His disposition was jovial and humorous. He was good company and a good talker. He read much and wisely—largely books of travel, biography and good fiction and was a wide reader of political periodicals. He was well informed on political issues and would discuss earnestly and forcefully political questions. In politics he was a reformer or third-party believer.

I know of but three photographs of my father. The first was taken at Council Bluffs and sent to mother just before he left for Pike's Peak. There was an ardent billet-doux tucked into the case. Mother always treasured both. This picture is too badly defaced to use in this memoir. I think I was eight or nine years old

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when the others were taken. Father, with his family, went to Bear Grove—a little village having a store, a school, a blacksmith-shop and a few homes. Mother's brother-in-law owned the shop and was the smith. Grandfather Saxton had a large house and hotel and farmed. A traveling photographer was there with a studio in a tent. As might have been expected, Grandmother Saxton must have the children's picture. As soon as we were released from the ordeal, she was just as anxious for a picture of James and Ahmeda. Father had on work clothes and was against the enterprise but grandmother won. While they were posing, Uncle Jerome Horton—the blacksmith—came in and said, "Jim and I are next." I believe my brother Adrian has this picture. So, to the proverbial prevailing power of the mother-in-law, the descendants of James Merrill are indebted for those pictures.

Father's homestead passed into the ownership of Wash Reed who moved the cabin to the north forty to be near the east and west road. I remember the spring south-east of the house. Cousin George says it is a good spring yet but he has tiled thru it. I remember that Uncle George built on his forty east of us and moved in with a little boy but I can't remember how old he was, but I know I was either four or five when we left our homestead and moved into the brick house across from Grandmother Merrill's. However, I do remember that I was five in June before Adelbert was born in October, 1868, and that father took Lillie and Minnie and me hurriedly across to grandmother's at night and Uncle Virgil laughed at us because we had on our nightgowns. The next morning we had a little brother.

The small boy above mentioned was myself. I was two years old June 25th, 1868. The homestead which Uncle Jim entered is now owned by my brother, G.W. Merrill and Dayton E. Merrill owns father's original forty. Father and Uncle Jim built where they did, mainly because they expected the north and south road to run between their farms. It did for some years, as a narrow strip of prairie grass and plants still testifies but on account of having to cross so many sloughs, it was re-located between the farms of Adrian Merrill and William Grow, where it is to-day. The east and west road turned off of the section line at school house No. 10 and passed over the hill and down in front of Joshua Prior's house, leaving the sloughs and the big pond to the south, crossed Troublesome far below the pond and made up the hill to the ridge road to the stage station.

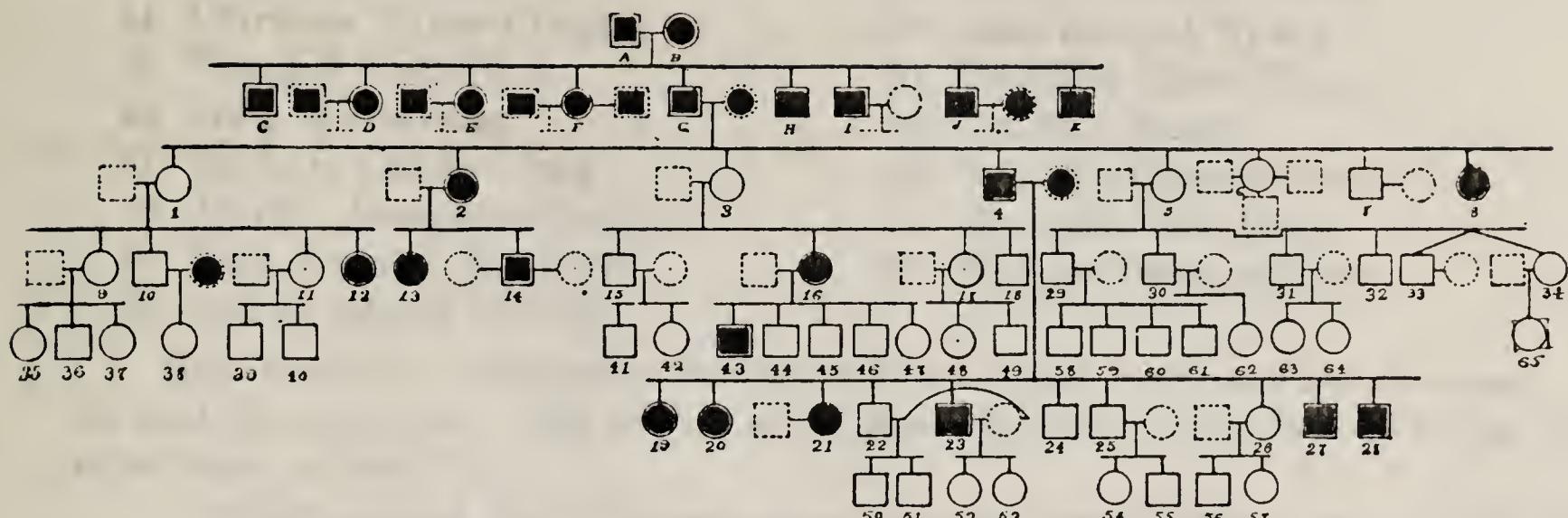
Finally the authorities decided to put the road on the section line straight thru the mud. It was too soft for anything but Irishmen. Accordingly a lot of them with long spades were hired to cut two long ditches and throw up the mud in the middle for the future road. I sat on the ground for hours and listened long and still to their strange talk for part of it was Gaelic. When Aunt Mary Brady came out from Pennsylvania, she was a Catholic and she soon became acquainted with those Irish families and we thru her. Those ditches drained the center and much dirt was hauled and the center became a good road except in early spring. This put Uncle Jim and Wash Reed on the public road.

Father was always interested in horses. His interest was developed in this way. One of his jobs, when a boy in Ohio, was to take his sisters to Columbus to a dancing school. He tried a few lessons but soon gave it up and while his sisters danced, he spent the time at a big near-by sales barn for horses. The manager was a good veterinary and he took a fancy to father and hired him as a helper for several months. Father's job was to exercise the horses both in driving and riding. He learned there to like good horses more and more.

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Merrill Family Tree—James Goble Merrill Branch.



A. Adrian Merrill

- C. Isaac Newton Merrill
- D. Margaret Caroline Merrill
- E. Ruth Merrill
- F. Mary Merrill

B. Nancy Kelly

- G. James Goble Merrill
- H. William C. Merrill
- I. George Washington Merrill
- J. Alfred Homer Merrill

K. Virgil Douglas Merrill

DESCENDANTS OF JAMES GOBLE MERRILL

Children of James Goble Merrill. (8)

- 1. Elva Josephine Merrill
- 2. Lily Bell Merrill
- 3. Minnie S. Merrill
- 4. James Adelbert Merrill
- 5. Effie Eloise Merrill
- 6. Jessie Grace Merrill
- 7. Sanford Adrian Merrill
- 8. Lulu Carolyn Merrill

Grandchildren of James Goble Merrill. (26)

- 9. Nellie Pauline Spitler
- 10. Vere Merrill Spitler
- 11. Golda Leota Spitler
- 12. Frances Josephine Spitler
- 13. Grace Rigler
- 14. Ralph Rigler
- 15. Henry George Rigler
- 16. Bernice Pauline Rigler
- 17. Foster Merrill Rigler
- 18. Mergie Almeda Rigler
- 19. Alta Merrill
- 20. Edith Maud Merrill
- 21. Fae Ina Merrill
- 22. James Adrian Merrill
- 23. David Earl Merrill
- 24. Colon Merrill
- 25. Dewey Merrill
- 26. Blanche Merrill
- 27. Adelbert Merrill
- 28. Virgil Merrill
- 29. James G. Tracy
- 30. Claude Merrill Tracy
- 31. Dayton V. Tracy
- 32. Francis LaVerne Tracy
- 33. Harold Tracy
- 34. Helen Tracy

Great-grandchildren of James Goble Merrill (31)

- 35. Helen Leota Thompson
- 36. Frank Harold Thompson
- 37. Gwendolyn Gladys Thompson
- 38. Alma Spitler
- 39. Lynn Buckley Laughery
- 40. Kirby Joe Laughery
- 41. Leo Marvale Rigler
- 51. Adelbert Charles Merrill
- 52. Helen Bernice Merrill
- 53. Lois Louraine Merrill
- 54. Marguerite Merrill
- 55. Dewey Merrill, Jr.
- 56. Patrick Merrill Ryan
- 57. Damaris Jane Ryan

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42. Twila Elowene Rigler	58. Donald Lyle Tracy
43. Foster Robert Fogg	59. Dwaine Gilbert Tracy
44. Clarence Willard Fogg	60. Dale Everett Tracy
45. Wendell Paul Fogg	61. Leonard James Tracy
46. John Wylie Fogg	62. Ila May Tracy
47. Barbara Lucille Fogg	63. Marilyn Frances Tracy
48. Mergie Josephine Hubbard	64. Marcella Mae Tracy
49. Jack Norman Hubbard	65. Warren Dwayne Kane
50. James Adrian Merrill	

Explanation:—Characters having a black center represent the deceased. Nos. 33 and 34 are twins. The widow of 23 married 22. Therefore, 52 and 53 are older than 50 and 51.

So far, among the descendants of James Merrill, the name is being carried forward in the third generation by three small boys—Nos. 50, 51 and 55 and they together with my small grandson are all the male Merrills in that generation. Since this history was begun, Nos. 63, 64, 65 and 55 have been born and Nos. 21, 27 and 14 and Aunt Almeda Merrill have died. Also came the news of the death, a few days ago, of Edward Rigler, husband of No. 2. His death terminates the whole family of Lily Bell Merrill. My mother, the widow of No. 1, is the only survivor of that generation. This list of descendants was compiled by Aunt Almeda Merrill, revised and brot to date by No. 1 and the list of Fogg children corrected by No. 3. Much care was given to prevent mistakes. Also, came the news of the death of Mrs. Blanche Merrill, widow No. 4.

Family Record.

James Goble Merrill and	Almeda S. Saxton were married December 9, 1861.		
James Goble Merrill	Born Nov. 1, 1835,	Died May 3, 1901.	
Almeda S. Saxton	Born Dec. 9, 1841,	Died Sep. 20, 1927.	
Elva Josephine Merrill	Born Jun. 16, 1863.		
Lily Bell Merrill	Born Feb. 2, 1865,	Died Oct. 1901.	
Minnie S. Merrill	Born Sep. 23, 1866.		
James Adelbert Merrill	Born Oct. 7, 1868,	Died July 8, 1908.	
Effie Eloise Merrill	Born Apr. 30, 1872.		
Jessie Grace Merrill	Born May 23, 1874.		
Sanford Adrian Merrill	Born Feb. 5, 1878.		
Lulu Carolyn Merrill	Born Sep. 27, 1881,	Died June 8, 1903.	

Mrs. Josephine (Merrill) Spitler and Mrs. Minnie (Merrill) Rigler live near Guthrie Center, Iowa. Sanford Adrian Merrill and Mrs. Effie ("Bird" Merrill) Tracy live at Carroll, Iowa. Mrs. Grace (Merrill) Pitts lives in Shanghai, China. The descendants of James Adelbert Merrill nearly all live in, or in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, or elsewhere on the Pacific Coast.

Uncle Jim was an interesting character to me. In his early days he hunted horse-thieves and he had been to the "Mountains" and had seen wild Indians and bad white men and had hunted buffaloes. He had a queer taste for remembering the doings of criminals and bandits—as the Benders and Youngers and James brothers. He remembered every circumstance of those court proceedings that terminated those careers. I always disliked horses but Uncle Jim was always in-

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terested in talking "horse". He told tall yarns but he exaggerated the fibbing part as artistic fiction and it was not dangerous. My mother hated profanity and occasionally remonstrated but she said, "Jim always puts in his swear-words so appropriately that they really sound pretty well." Grandmother Merrill was clean to the last degree and Uncles Alf and Jim were squeamish about their eating. When the chicken cholera first came to Iowa, it was very deadly. Uncle Jim's hens were dying and it sickened him. At our house he said "I saw Dell, the devil, with one hand full of dead hens carrying them off and eating a piece of bread and butter from the other hand." It astonished him that his son could do such a thing.

Father was a good neighbor and was charitable beyond his means and gave freely of his time and goods to those in distress. He was never strict in governing his children but somehow he held the respect and obedience due a father. When I was about twelve or thirteen, I wanted a curling-iron. An endgate rod to a good wagon looked about right. I tried to saw off a piece with a new saw but that was too slow. Then I tried father's favorite ax and cut off a piece which made a fairly good curling-iron. Mother said that I should be punished. Father said that he did not wish me to do anything like that again. I did not.

Father reasoned scientifically. He could not believe the old loose and obscure Jewish statements regarding early antiquity. He believed in a governing power somewhere but he did not know the facts and could not comprehend the Cause from the effects and he would not profess faith where he could not understand. He believed in searching for the truth for its own sake; in human goodness, uprightness and honesty and could not tolerate pious shams. He believed in justice and usually took sides with the weaker party. He did not seem to believe that a preparation to meet his God should be man's life job. He appeared to be willing to take settlement on a basis of merits and demerits.

Until within a few weeks of his passing away, he seemed to be accepting the theological teachings of Ecclesiastes.

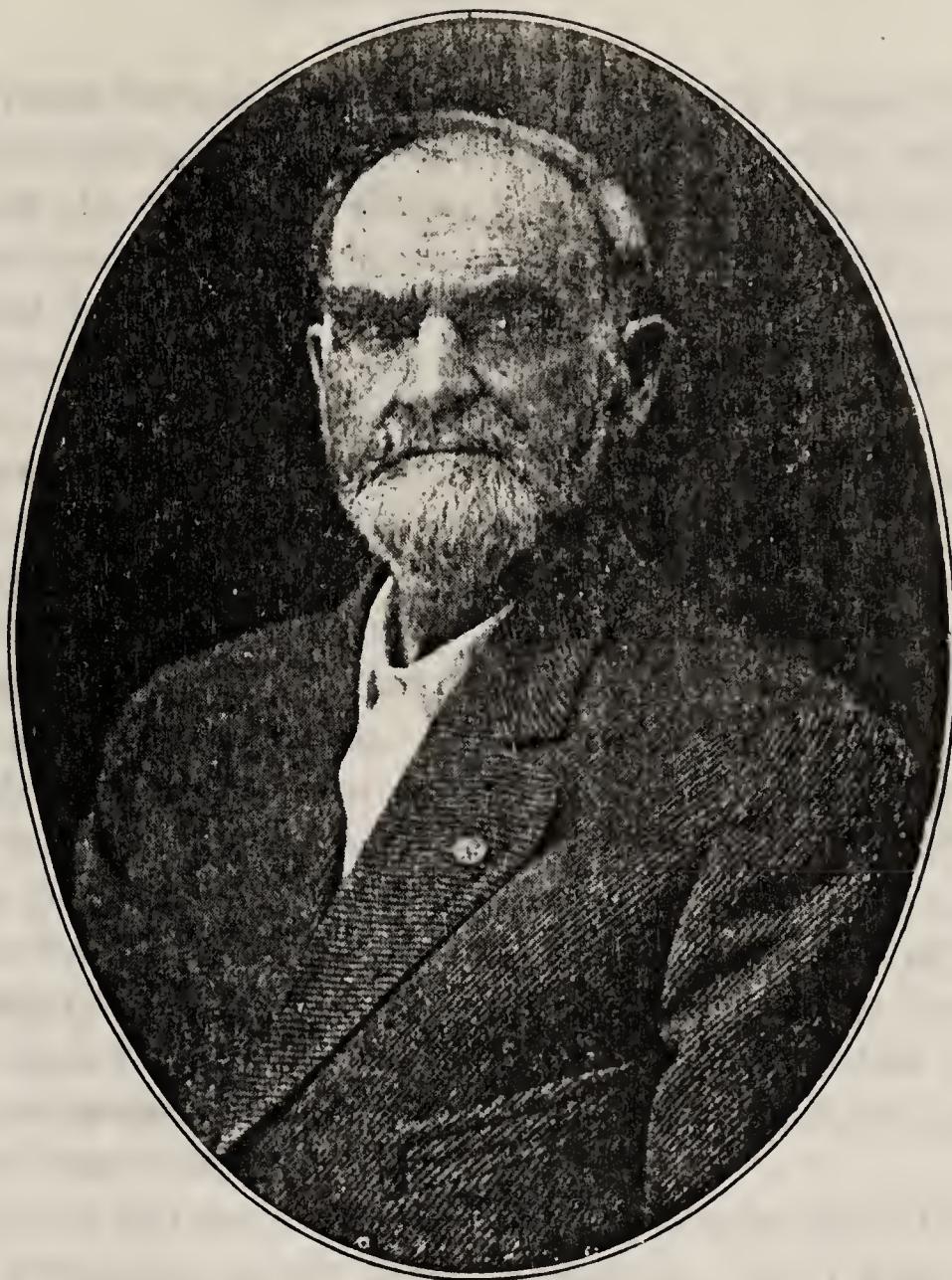
How much I wish I had written more of what a good old pal he was when I was very small! I went with him to town, to the woods and on horseback from the homestead to Grandma Merrill's. When I was old enough to follow, I went with him to shoot prairie-chickens. He liked to have me follow him around and I liked better to help chore than wash dishes or care for the babies.

Uncle Jim had a bright and strong mind and easily saw thru any plan of deceit. His estimate of public men was sound and he saw the exact drift of their professions and pretensions. He worked hard but not always regularly. In his later years he made a brave struggle against adversity.

A short memoir of Aunt Almeda is in preparation and will follow this page and begin as Page E9.

News arrived last week that the 66th descendant of Uncle Jim is crying for mention into these pages. She is Miss Zona Lavone Laughery, born to No. 11, April 3, 1928.

Correction:—On page E6, No. 17 should be Mergie Almeda Rigler and No. 18 should Merrill Rigler in the list. The tree is correct.



George Washington Merrill
Born July 14, 1841.
Died May 15, 1919.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MERRILL.

George W. Merrill, the seventh child of Adrian and Nancy (Kelly) Merrill, was born, July 14, 1841, in Franklin County, Ohio and about nine miles north of Columbus. In 1857 he came to Iowa and settled about $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles south-west of the old post-office, Bear Grove, where his father bought 80 acres of partly improved prairie land. That post-office was discontinued after a usefulness of some sixty years. The trip was made by wagon as at that time no railroad had reached the Mississippi river. Adrian dwelt on that farm until his death in 1876.

George worked at such jobs as a new country afforded, as farming, sawmilling and carpentry. Almost all of Guthrie county was a wilderness when he reached it and in 1852 the population was but 222. Just before the Civil War, George returned to Ohio to go to school. He attended Central College near his old home for some months and then enlisted in the 5th Ohio Independent Cavalry. After less service than a year he was discharged on account of sickness. He then returned to Iowa where he married Miss Josephine Warden, August 2, 1865. They bought 40 acres adjoining his father's land and began housekeeping in one room of his father's house. I (with my usual promptness) appeared June 25, 1866 to help improve the new farm!

GEORGE WASHINGTON MERRILL.

(1841—1919.)

On this land he built a frame house, doing most of the work himself. The kitchen floor was of walnut and planed and matched by hand. The sills were hewed and the shingles rived out and shaved. The siding was white pine hauled 60 miles from Des Moines. Wheat was hauled to that place to market and as oxen were generally used, the trip took several days. His first team was a pair of red steers and I remember how I cried when they dragged the old low-wheeled log-wagon thru a few inches of mud and water, as I feared we should drown.

After about four years, he bought the 40 acres adjoining his land on the north and then moved our house to the north 40 to where it stands to-day. After many years he bought the 80 acres adjoining his father's farm on the east. That purchase had been improved in an early day by William Grow. I am sending this history to the only surviving member of William Grow's family—Mrs. Clara Maulsby of Casey, Iowa. She was my first playmate. A few years later, father bought of Uncle Alf the old Adrian Merrill homestead. That made father the owner of 240 acres lying in one body. At the time of his death he owned this land together with seven acres of woodland and a good home in Guthrie Center, Iowa. He disposed of his estate by will, dividing the farm acreage among his six children and giving to his wife the home in Guthrie Center, the personal property and an income-bearing fund and interest of about ten thousand dollars. The total estate amounted to about sixty thousand dollars, in an estimate as prices were at that time but land prices were too high, as the recent fall of real estate shows.

For several winters of his early life he taught school in the rural districts. I attended my first term where my father was the teacher. As I was at the ripe age of six, my recollections are misty as to the merits of my father's teaching but I remember that I thought he had a queer way of making the figure "9" on the blackboard and it looked too much like the capital "G" he made when he wrote his name. I did not approve my sire's "9's" and I changed mine. Also, the big bully of the school was Sid Phillips and his sister had the itch and I was forbidden to touch her. I believe that father had to flog "Sid" thoroughly. As father weighed 204 pounds, it was rumored that Sid lost his artillery, suffered serious casualties, lost all his "terrain" and was generally outclassed. Altho steel pens were in use, not every child had one, and I recollect observing pen manufacture from feathers which the boys gathered by the mud-hole used by Phillips' geese. This is about all I remember of my father's school-teaching. Of that house-full of pupils, none remain to remember these things except myself, Cousin Josephine (Merrill) Spitler and possibly three more.

In the beginning our farming was done after the fashion of that time. Men tried to raise wheat and sell it for 65¢ per bushel. The price had fallen from \$2.50 at the close of the war and the yield steadily decreased. Corn fell to 14¢ delivered 10 or more miles at the railroad. Every farmer faced want. Hog-cholera came and no man knew how to combat it. When government reports showed the cause the farmer scoffed at the discovery as a new sort of spiritism.

George Merrill was among the first of Iowa farmers to see that farmers were robbing their soil. When I was very small, we visited my Grandfather Warden in Dallas county and father brought home with us a small load of seed timothy and clover. He strewed that straw and seed over a field of four acres and we soon had

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the first field of clover and timothy that I had ever seen. Some years passed before many of our neighbors followed that example. Rotation of hay and grain became his settled policy and he never departed from it. He then fed both the hay and the grain to stock and his fields commenced to increase in fertility. Farming thereafter did not eat up his capital but added to it. Adjoining farms let to tenants for a share of the grain soon became too poor to get tenants. At his death, his fields were much richer than when he bought them. His greatest material gift to his community was to demonstrate to them that increasing fertility could be theirs by raising stock and alternating grain and pasture. That was not his discovery. He applied it. Bankruptcy stopped the others.

George Merrill's mind was not scientific. It was fettered by a narrow theology that looked for authority instead of for reasons and facts. His habit of looking to ancient Jewish religious literature for knowledge instead of into the great workshop of the Almighty, shut him out for many years from the opportunity to learn what the leaders of the world were finding out. Theology always scorns experiment and investigation. George Merrill was a man of great moral courage and tenaciously held to a tenet after he had professed it. He then became an ardent advocate but not a juror listening to further testimony. To him, that would have seemed disloyal and impious.

In early manhood he joined the Methodist Episcopal sect but later he decided that it was becoming too lax in theology and too much given to shams in practice. In about 1874, he and mother and a company of friends of similar opinions joined the Free Methodist sect and a class was organized at Bear Grove, the first of many such organized in western Iowa during the years following. Usually those classes were composed almost wholly of the mature members of that generation and almost no recruits came from the next. To-day the most chapels they built are closed. In the interests of Free Methodism father was zealous. He was often a delegate to the Conferences of the sect. With him, theology was not the joke that it is to-day.

In his later years, a wider reading led him into a reading and enjoyment of literature that had been forbidden to enter his house in the days of my boyhood. The fierce Hebrew Javah of his earlier years became more like a Heavenly Father and Comforter in his old age. It seemed to me that in his later years he found that the most zealous apostles of his creed were men of short vision and low intellectual capacity and were often bigoted zealots instead of reliable teachers.

I grew up a spectator of the stern religious rites of those days. I was as completely outside as one who looked thru the bars of an asylum and marvelled at the inmates. I could never believe that their God was doing the square thing. Our house was a stopping-place for preachers and their methods of advertising their piety made my brothers hate them as they would snakes. Enlightenment will probably sometime stop all that sort of thing and men will learn that religion is a mode of living and not a set of theological beliefs.

In early manhood, George Merrill was a Republican. His hatred of slavery made that certain. He reached his majority in 1862 while the Civil War was going on. After the war had settled the slavery question and graft was wrecking the administrations of General Grant, he turned to the reform parties as they came and

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went. He voted for the Prohibition party from its organization until his death. His theological opinions made him lean towards theocracy in spite of its being the most dangerous refuge for a priestly tyranny.

He never made haste to become rich. His major interest in life was in what he deemed correct theological opinions and a certain preparation to meet God in Judgment. Much enjoyment in this life seemed to him to be incompatible with that preparation. He never entirely shook off the idea that God hated to see human joy and the asceticism of the Middle Ages always influenced him. However, he did not believe for a moment that good opinions could dispense with good character, but like all theologians, he was a legalist and believed that "salvation comes by grace", and that human goodness at its best is a very poor thing. In spite of his theology, George Merrill still believed that a good grade of human goodness is a fine thing in business—especially in the man whose name appears at the bottom of a note. His word and his pledge were never questioned. He hated debt and only rarely borrowed. He never made ventures. If he could not see his way through and with a margin of safety, he kept out. Extreme caution seemed to hinder him. The Free Methodist sect to which he belonged forbade its membership "to go into debt without prospect of payment." I wish here to testify to the many good things contained in that Free Methodist *Book of Discipline* as I have already criticised some of the theological nonsense of that sect, but the simplest of us ought to know the difference between a code of morals and a catalog of dogmas. The earlier Free Methodists were generally of the rigid Puritan type and were among the best people I ever knew. Our performance generally falls short of purpose, but deliver us from this new painted generation whose only creed is "getting by"!

In speaking as I have of my father's religious convictions and theological opinions I had to give first my view of the matter, but I shall ask my brother George, who is a forceful writer, to give his view. He was with all my father's latest years, but I was absent except for visits. It is hard to avoid offending in such matters. I let my estimate stand for what it is worth. I am no child, as my sixtieth year ends next month. I have read many times more than my father and on all sides of those questions and was rewarded with the official ecclesiastical curse—a distinction which an ignoramus never gets.

George Merrill came of a stock which believed in and practiced thrift, but his wife and his mother were far more industrious than he. He was often uncomfortable from indigestion and he was always "bilious". This physical ailment is generally accompanied by the habit of looking on the dark side of the picture. In consequence, he often predicted crop failure and general going bow-wows. However, he always wisely decided that his sons might as well keep at work, even if the omens all spelled destruction! His decision was always justified as he always raised a plenty, but the boys lost all faith in "dad's hunches". His children all became industrious with a faith in work. He believed in education and sent his children to school. All of them but George taught in the public schools and four of the boys graduated at the Guthrie County High School at Panora and Dayton got a Master's Degree at the State University at Iowa City. Father always feared that the Natur-

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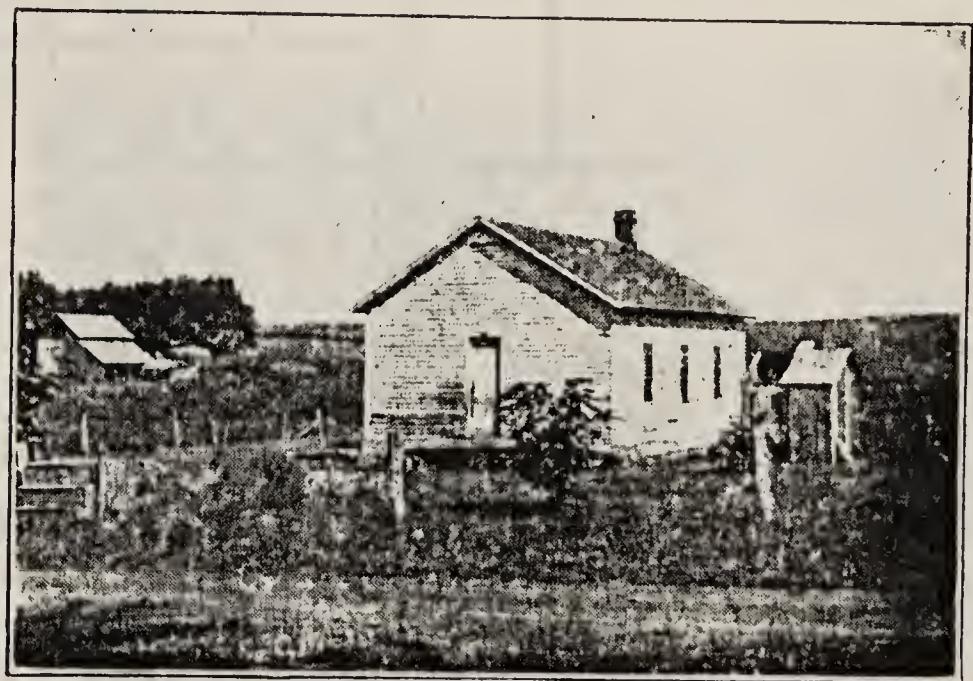
al Sciences tended to make a habit of thinking that makes a belief in the childish views of the first chapters of Genesis an improbability. He had made up his mind to believe, as best he could, the program outlined in Genesis, and let the difficulties and contradictions remain as some of those precious "mysteries" so treasured by theologians and pious old ladies. Therefore he looked upon much of scientific theory as dangerous.

The Iowa school plan called for a school-house in the center of each 4-section district and nine districts to a township of 36 square miles. This gave a school to each 16 farms of 160 acres. In early days the settled districts had large schools but now the school population has so dwindled that the old districts are consolidating so they will have enough boys to make a ball-team! The first school-houses were built to accommodate the settlements and without much regard to future district lines. In this way the old school-house attended by the Merrills became known as No. 10. After long litigation, the district was abolished and the old house was sold and moved away. The illustration shows the old house in 1897. It was then about 35 years old. Arthur, Mary, George, Willard, Tom and Dayton of George Merrill's family and Virgil, William, Nora and Eva of Alfred's family got their common-school education there and Josephine, Lillie, Minnie, Adelbert and Bird of James' family attended there until they moved to an adjoining district. Probably Uncle Virgil attended there, too. No. 10 was fortunate in having a number of well educated teachers from Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin. Several were college men and women who had come west to grow with the country and who taught in winter to make financial ends meet. In this way the young Merrills got good teachers.

Family Record.

George Washington Merrill married Mary Louisa Josephine Warden, Aug. 2nd, 1865. To them were born

Arthur McEwen	June 25, 1866.
Mary E.	November 23, 1868.
Edith Anna	September 5, 1873. Died Sept. 14, 1874.
George Warden	September 19, 1875.
Willard Emmet	April 3, 1878.
Thomas Bradley	August 11, 1881,
Dayton Eugene	April 11, 1884.
Clinton Clyde	March 10, 1888. Died June 20, 1889,

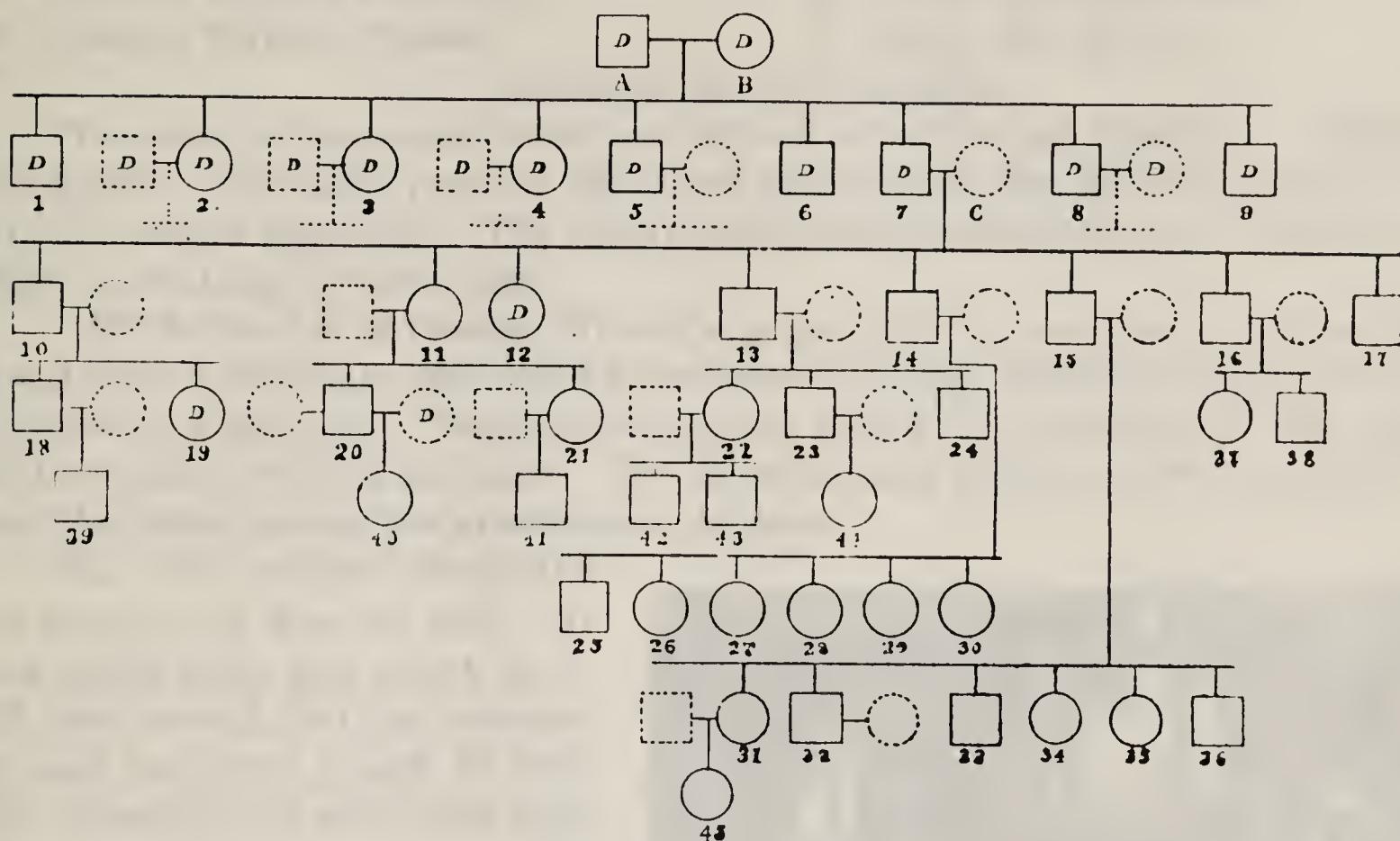


School-house No. 10.
Photo taken Aug. 1897.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MERRILL.

(1841—1919.)

MERRILL FAMILY TREE—G. W. MERRILL BRANCH.



A. Adrian Merrill. B. Nancy Kelley.

Children of Adrian Merrill and Nancy Kelley. (9)

1. Isaac Newton Merrill.	2. Margaret Caroline Merrill.
3. Ruth Merrill.	4. Mary Merrill.
5. James Goble Merrill.	6. William Merrill.
7. George Washington Merrill.	8. Alfred Homer Merrill.
9. Virgil Douglas Merrill.	

Children of George W. Merrill. (8)

10. Arthur McEwen Merrill.	11. Mary E. Merrill.
12. Edith Anna Merrill.	13. George Warden Merrill.
14. Willard Emmet Merrill.	15. Thomas Bradley Merrill.
16. Dayton Eugene Merrill.	17. Clinton Clyde Merrill.

Grandchildren of George W. Merrill. (21)

18. Walter Delno Merrill.	19. Lorada Irene Merrill.
20. George Daniel Barns.	21. Emma Maurine Barns.
22. Mary Josephine Merrill.	23. George Willard Merrill.
24. Ross Kirkwood Merrill.	25. Lawrence Victor Merrill.
26. Augusta Evangeline Merrill.	27. Constance Hazel Merrill.
28. Pauline Merrill.	29. Parva Stella Merrill.
30. Geraldine Eloise Merrill.	31. Oceon Leverne Merrill.
32. David Dayton Merrill.	33. Duke Barret Merrill.
34. Margaret Maxine Merrill.	35. Evalyn Lorene Merrill.
36. Thomas Bradley Merrill.	37. Josephine Grace Merrill.
	38. Dayton Eugene Merrill.

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Great-grandchildren of George W. Merrill. (7)

39. Harold Arthur Merrill.	40. Elisabeth Josephine Barns.
41. Richard Willard Pervorse.	42. Clark Merrill Trailer.
43. William Warden Trailer.	44. Mary May Merrill.

Margaret Merrill Shannon.

The squares represent males and the circles represent females. Dotted circles and squares represent persons who have married into the Merrill family. The letter "D" means deceased. The Merrill tree will be shown in six branches as the whole is too large for one page.

While the list of George Merrill's grandchildren may never receive any additional names, there are now eight grandsons carrying the Merrill name and of these, four are now married. Therefore there are plenty of possibilities that the name in this branch will not fail soon. No. 39 is the only hope actually present to represent the name among the great-grandchildren.

The cut opposite shows the old home as it was in 1897. It now (1926) looks just about as it did then except that the one-story part has been raised to two. No. 13 and No. 23 with their families occupy the house now and find no fearful consequences as those numbers are reputed to bring.

As has been said before, father enlisted in the Civil War from Ohio. When he started to camp, he left a small sealed box with his sister Caroline, and requested her to keep it until he should return from the war—if he should ever come and if not, she should burn box and contents. He returned and took the papers and the empty box fell into the hands of his niece, Emma Rugg—now Mrs. Dickey. She filled the box with letters from her uncles George and Virgil. Last month she allowed her sister Helen to send to me the box and letters. The following two are copied from those sent:

Camp Ijams, Flemingsburg, Ky., Jan. 4th, 1864.

Sister Cad: I received your letter and Sutie's several days since, but could not answer them conveniently until now. Sutie's, however, I have answered. Company I has been expecting to return for the purpose of being mustered out, but have not received orders to that effect yet and I entertain doubts about being mustered out until the battalion is. If such is the case, I fear that some of our boys will go home anyhow. I, however, have too much sense to kick against the government if she saw fit to hold us until the battalion is mustered out. However, the most of the boys and officers think we will be at home by the 15th. I do not know, however, what their belief is founded on, there is one thing very certain and that is that the I boys will not do duty after the 8th of this month.



Old home of George W. Merrill.
Photo taken Aug. 1897.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MERRILL. (1841—1919.)

The weather has been very cold here for several days; but has moderated to a snowing temperature and is letting down as fast as you please. That (may be) necessary for home enjoyment, but rough for the soldiers. It is now coming down as fast as you please. It is about 4 inches deep and still snowing. Forage for our horses is very scarce. I was acting for our Qr. Master last week and had to press corn and hay, niggers and teams, which made some of our Secesh friends indulge thoughts with regard to us, which, if realized, would have rendered our situation too hot instead of too cold.

We have plenty to eat, such as it is, consisting of bread, bacon and coffee—vegetables for which we are much in need of. On account of the want of change of diet, the boys are suffering very much from camp diarrhoea—myself with the rest. Except this, my health is very good. I must now write a few lines to Emma. I got a letter from Alf informing me of what he wrote to you with regard to Ike.

Well, Miss Emma, I have received your letter and was glad to hear from you again. I am still enjoying my liberty—not a prisoner as you heard. I do not think there are enough Rebels in this part of the country to take as prisoners, although Union men are few and far between. I attended a sale of negroes the other day where I saw little girls about the size of you [Emma was ten years old] and Sutie [nearly eight years old] sold and they were crying all the time. They were nearly white. Also a little baby about the size of Willie [Willie was ten months old] was torn from its weeping mother's arms and sold into slavery. They sell black people here just as your Pa sells hogs and cattle. I must close now for it is time to commence getting dinner. [He was mess cook part of the time.] I will send this home by W. E. Guerin, who is down here making his brother a visit. Now good-bye. From your Uncle,

G. W. Merrill.

When the above was written, George was in his 23d year. During that year he was discharged on account of sickness and he returned to Iowa. His health improved and as the war wore on, he decided to re-enlist. Five months and eight days after the date of this following letter, Lee and Grant arranged the terms of surrender and the war was over. When this letter was written, it still seemed that there was much to do before the end of the war could come. Lincoln was re-elected that week and events crowded as Grant prepared for the end.

[To Emma Rugg, Columbus, Ohio.]

Bear Grove, Iowa, Nov. 1st, 1864.

Dear Niece: We have just finished husking corn to-day and I am tired, but I thought I must answer your letter which I received some time since, but have been so busy and away from home most of the time, that I have not taken the time to answer until now. I was very glad to hear from you, as it had been some time since your mother had written to me. I want you to write often because I like to

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hear from old Ohio, and then it will tend to improve you in writing and composition. If I had received your letter a little sooner, I expect your "Uncle George" would be in "Dixie" now instead of here.

I would like very much to be there [in Ohio] to go to school this winter but cannot—may possibly next spring—cannot tell now. Be a good girl at school and learn real fast so that you will be far enough advanced to go to Central to school if I cannot. I am quite well now, so that I can do a good day's work, but am still troubled about my liver. I design teaching school this winter—get \$35.00 per month—engaged for four months. The school is six miles from home. Our folks are all well—got letter from your Uncle Alf dated August 14th, Salt Lake City; also one of the same date from your Uncle Ike. They were then together. Since, Alf has gone on to Nevada. Alf says Ike looks very natural but some older. Give my love to Sootie, "Sissy" and Willie. Now Good-bye.

From your Uncle George.

Cad: I have been waiting anxiously for the few lines (or the information they contained) that came in Emma's letter. Had it not been that I told you that if Date [her husband, Dayton Rugg] was drafted and I was not, that I would go in his place, I would now be in "Dixie". Col. Nichols of the 4th Iowa was up home on sick furlough and wanted me to go back with him, but could not hear anything from you until after he had gone back to his regiment. Then I gave up the notion for this fall. We had no draft in Bear Grove Township. The "Cops" [Copperheads—Democrats who favored the South] here are not in very good spirits since the fall of Atlanta and the victories in the Shenandoah and the elections in Ohio, Ind. and Penn. Iowa is all right for "Uncle Abe". Father has 200 or 300 bu. of corn to sell worth 50¢ per bu. [and] 140 bu. of wheat. Don't know how much he will sell. He has some 3 yr old steers but will keep them over as they are low on account of the scarcity and high price of corn. If Date wants the balance of the money we owe him now, I expect we could raise it. If he does not, we will not have to dispose of the corn until spring. I think it will be higher then.

Your brother George.

George Merrill very much admired his brother-in-law, Dayton Rugg. As George was unmarried and Mr. Rugg had family, George offered to take Rugg's place as a substitute in case Rugg were drawn in the draft from Ohio. Grandfather Merrill had borrowed a small amount from Dayton Rugg to finish the payment for his Iowa land but had not repaid all of the loan. It was seven years since Adrian Merrill had come to Iowa, but making money in that new country was a slow process. The Civil War had been going on for about three years. Altho Adrian Merrill lived in Iowa almost twelve years after the above letter was written, he never felt financially able to visit his old home in Ohio. George did not go back to Ohio to school and Dayton Rugg was not drafted. The war was nearing its sudden end, altho none could see it. George taught school that winter and married the following summer.

The following letter is copied to give additional information of the movements of Isaac N. Merrill during the war. I did not have access to these letters

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until after I had printed the sketch of him on pages A1 to A4. My inquiries there mentioned have to date brought no results. This letter was written to Emma Rugg.

Bear Grove, Iowa, Aug., 30th, 1864.

Dear Emma: Having a little spare time this morning, I thought I would write a few lines to you. We received a letter from your Uncle Ike this morning—the first we have had for several months. We were getting very uneasy about him because the Indians are so bad on the plains. His letter was dated Ft. Bridger, [S-W corner of Wyoming] Aug. 4th, (1864,) at which time he was well. They have or had had no difficulty with the Indians up to that time. His train being composed of ox-teams, the Indians did not bother them; as they pay their respects to horses and mules exclusively. Part of the Connor Brigade is at Ft. Bridger and your Uncle Ike is 150 miles north of Ft. Bridger at a place called "Soda Springs" [in the S-E corner of Idaho] but they had been ordered back to the "City". [Salt Lake City]

We are all well as usual, my health being about the same—a little better I think, though. Yesterday I went out and gathered one-half bushel of plums—very nice ones, too. If you want some, come over. Also, if you want some melons, here is the place to get them. We have finished haying and now I am not doing much of anything. Neither have done much since I left Ohio.

Tell your Pa that Grandpa has the best corn this year that he has ever raised since he came to Iowa. Potatoes are good. I must now close. You and sister write and I will answer your letters. Give my regards to all the children.

From your Uncle George.

The remaining letters of the packet do not give any additional information of value to us, but relate to family health, small talk, &c. George did not visit Ohio again until about 1878 (I am not sure of the year) and he went then on business. His sister Mary had returned to Iowa. She was a widow and her younger son was in the Ohio Reform School, but for what offense I never knew. His mission to Ohio was to get the boy out and sent to his mother in Iowa, and to get the consent of his sisters Caroline and Ruth to an arrangement by which Alfred was to get most of the family land and was to undertake the support of their aged mother. Mary was to get some land and some money with which to make a new start. The objects of the visit were attained and the boy was soon in Iowa with his mother. A small house was built for Mary and the work of improving was well begun.

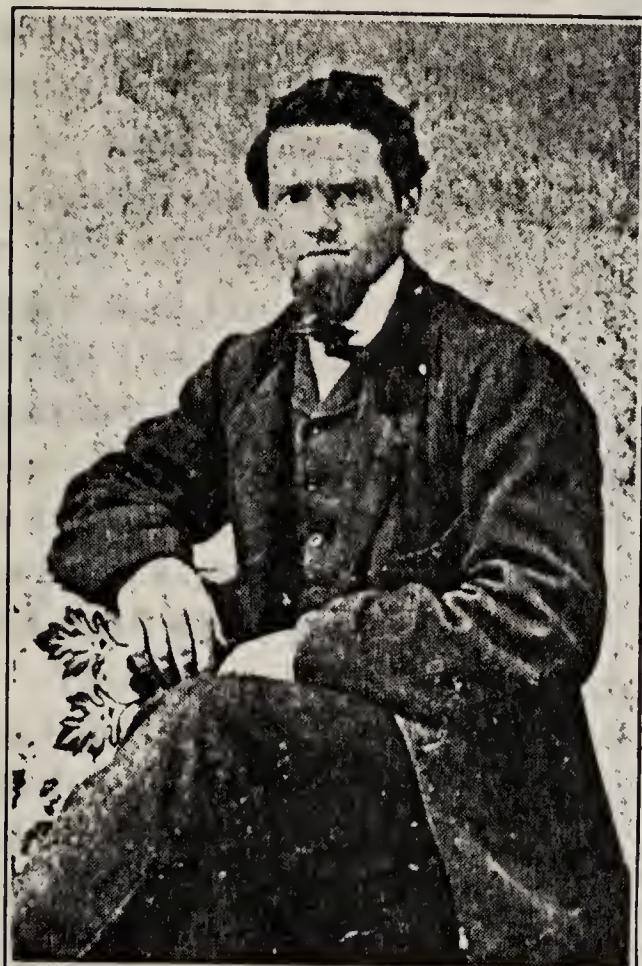
Mr. Thomas Bradley of Owanoco, Illinois, visited some relatives near Bear Grove. It was a visit with consequences. He was a widower; had a competence, a pension from the Civil War, and was withal a man of decision. He saw Aunt Mary at "meeting". We never said "church" in those days. He lived to reach the home of his host and declared he had seen his second wife and asked her name. He was happy to find that she was a widow and that slaying a husband would not be needed. As he was selling nursery stock he at once saw her need of trees — — — in a few days Aunt Mary became Mrs. Bradley. They went to Owanoco to live and I never saw Tolbert again. Mr. Bradley proved to be gentleman. My brother Thomas Bradley Merrill was named for him.

It may be of interest to relate the following: Father brought home with him from Ohio some house-plants and cuttings. They were altogether strange to us altho they were ordinary kinds like wandering Jew, geraniums, fuchsias, &c. They

GEORGE WASHINGTON MERRILL.

(1841—1919.)

were highly prized by my mother as she was a great lover of flowers and soon she had a great abundance and she scattered cuttings far and near. Iowa was then a land of long distances, prairie fires and few luxuries. Some years after this time, father visited Ohio several times. When he returned from the visit mentioned, he brought tin-types of Aunt Ruth's three daughters. I have not to this date seen any of the descendants of Aunts Ruth and Caroline.



George Washington Merrill.
Age about 23 years

Ecclesiastical dogmas were not to be questioned. However, in his later years I heard him question the authority of the church officials to dictate to him concerning his personal opinion of war as an occupation. At one time, father obeyed orthodox theological opinions as a pharmacist does a doctor's prescription or as a builder works to a blue-print. But thru 25 years of business association with father, I saw ethical prescriptions evolved and economic blue-prints made that have stabilized two generations of his descendants."

After George Merrill decided to leave the farm, he worked with great vigor in improving his new home. It seemed as tho he was sure he was making ready for his last move until he should be called to immortality and he worked early and late. He soon had ready a home with every comfort. His son, George, was left in charge of the farm and father had no further business responsibilities and no debts to worry him and his children were self-supporting. He read, but in a narrow range. Yet his sons chuckled to see him reading fiction that he would not allow in his house in their boyhood days. He loved to talk with the few remaining old settlers and outlived nearly all of them. He made a number of long journeys in his later years and altho he liked to go, he always seemed in a hurry to return. He and mother spent one winter in Rogers, Ark., and part of one in Tulsa, Okla. As they were very much attached to their old friends and Iowa home, they could not think of moving to the South where the world is so much more comfortable for old age. Mother is still living at this date and will be eighty-seven on the 23d.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MERRILL.

(1841—1919.)

It seems plain that father believed that his recovery was improbable and he made such preparation as a prudent man should. He made his will and during his last days told mother that all necessary papers were in the big Bible. He wrote to me not long before his last sickness began and things in the letter indicated that he felt that the end was near and that he had been making preparations. That was his last letter to me. After he had been sick a few days, it was seen that he was probably slowly sinking into unconsciousness and George telegraphed to the children to come. The four sons started by first trains. Mary was not able to stand the overland trip from Marble, Colorado, to a railroad station, as during the World War the railroad from Marble was temporarily abandoned. Willard made close connection at Council Bluffs and reached home a few hours before the end came. Tom and I met at Kansas City and missed connection at Council Bluffs, Willard having passed a few minutes before. I call up George and found that father was still living. Tom and I had to stay in Omaha that night and reached Adair early the next morning. There we learned that death came a few hours earlier. Dayton came from Long Beach, Cal., and was about two days late. The funeral was postponed until after his arrival.

The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Ahern, a Free Methodist minister and a close friend of father. The funeral service was held in the Wesleyan Chapel in Guthrie Center. Father attended there and taught a class of adults there in the Sunday-school. Burial was made in Bear Grove Cemetery. That is a beautiful site but I have written of it on pages 9 and 10. A long line of motor cars followed the hearse to the cemetery, but few were there who were in Iowa when he came to it. Among the large company gathered there, I was a stranger in a land almost strange to me. I had not lived there for 31 years.

George Merrill died early in the morning, May 15, 1919, at the age of 77 yrs., 10 months and 1 day. He was a good man. His religious faith was a great misfortune to the extent that it stood in the way of a sincere search for the truth. It kept the evidence away from the jury. Father was the jury. How much happier he would have been, had he lived in the next generation!



Note: Since the family tree on page G6 was printed, another great-grandchild of George Merrill has been announced at the home of Mrs. Oceon Leverne (Merrill) Shannon of Durant, Okla.

Erratum: On the last line of the last preceding page, the age should be 86 years.



ALFRED HOMER MERRILL.
1843—1915.

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL.

By William Adrian Merrill.

On the 23d day of October, 1843, the fifth son of Adrian and Nancy Merrill was born. According to family tradition, Simeon was the name wished upon him by the family and admiring friends and "Simeon" he continued to be until the boy began to form opinions for himself. One day when the lad was about four years old, he came into the house and in his drawling voice said, "Ma I don't want to be 'S-i-m-e-o-n' any longer". "What do you want to be called?", inquired his mother. "Alfred Homer", he replied. From that time on, he was known as "Alfred Homer Merrill"—my father and the subject of this sketch.

His early life was spent in the vicinity of Columbus, Ohio. Judging by myself or by any other normal boy, I suspect his time there was full of some work, some schooling, considerable play and a great deal of mischief. He remained there until his fourteenth year, when his parents, responding to the call of the west, emigrated to the frontier of western Iowa.

No doubt young Alfred looked on that trip as to be the great event of his youth, but in that he was disappointed, for on the second or third day out, a wagon ran over his leg, breaking it in the thigh. That trip was made in the fall of '57, not as we would make it to-day, by fast train, by automobile, or by aeroplane, but in a "prairie-schooer"—the only practical means of that time, for railroads were then only in their infancy. Alfred was taken back to the home of relatives (*See note at the bottom of page 7*) in Ohio where he and his mother remained until the next spring.

No doubt that was a long and dreary winter to the lad. The worst grief was in finding that his broken leg would always be an inch shorter than the other, for surgery then was crude. For the rest of his life Alfred limped. The rest of the family continued the journey and safely reached its end and in the spring, Alfred and his mother came by rail as far as possible, (*See page Three*) coming as far as Des Moines, as I recall it. The balance of the journey was made by wagon and as the distance was great and the roads mere trails, it doubtless took several days to

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL.

1843—1915.

make the trip to the new home which Grandfather had bought the fall before. It seems that must have been a trip of great interest to a boy. It was a vast stretch of prairie with hillsides green with the verdure of spring; with the lowlands teeming with water-fowl and birds of many kinds; with belts of timber lying on either side of the streams, furnishing cover for the larger animals. Perchance a deer dashed away with the speed of the wind—a virgin wilderness unmolested save by a lone settler's cabin or by some traveler looking for a location.

At last they reached the frontier home and were welcomed by the other members of the family. Grandfather had bought a partly improved eighty of prairie and a forty of timber at some distance. Here Alfred spent the next six years helping his father on the farm and working out during his spare time.

It took years of hard work to convert a tract of wild land into a comfortable farm home. Buildings were constructed and fences were made of the hardwood timber which grew along the creeks. Prairie sod had to be broken and made ready for the crops. Almost everything was done by man-power. What machinery they had was very crude. Yet the pioneers did their work cheerfully and were much better contented than we with all our conveniences.

Then the black cloud of civil war appeared above the horizon. The able bodied men and boys were called to the front. Others, my father among them, who from some physical defect, could not pass the examination, were left at home. He soon became dissatisfied with conditions and at the age of twenty decided to take Greely's advice and go west. Going to Omaha, he joined a wagon train headed for Salt Lake City. Not such a trip such as I have taken several times, but a journey of at least three months. He walked and drove several yoke of oxen for his board and protection thru a wilderness. It was the home of the deer and the buffalo and peopled only by the Indian tribes. Each day he was liable to hear the terrible war-whoop and to have a horde of painted demons swoop down to rob, plunder and scalp.

When on the plains, one small independent horse-drawn outfit became dissatisfied with the progress of the train and decided to hurry on ahead. The next day the main body of the train came up to what was left of the outfit; horses stolen, goods plundered and the scalped bodies of their former comrades lying amid the burning wreckage of the wagons. The main wagon train, tho harassed by the Indians, was not openly attacked and reached its destination safely.

Not a very desirable trip many would say but it was full of danger and adventure dear to red-blooded boys in any age. My father had also reached the land of his dreams and for several years he roamed over the Northwest prospecting, placer-mining, freighting, riding the range and hunting big game.

On one of his hunting and prospecting trips in the mountains near Bear River, Utah, he and his partner had succeeded in shooting several big-horns and as they were coming out, they came upon a freighting outfit camped in the valley. They tried to trade some of the meat of their mountain sheep for sugar with the first wagon as their supply of sugar was running low. The freighter said he had none to spare but he thought that "Merrill", a few wagons back had some. Father got the sugar all right, for "Merrill" proved to be his brother Isaac who had left the old home in Ohio to join the gold rush for California in the days of '49. I have in my possession now a fine violin which Uncle Isaac left in Ohio nearly 80 years ago. As long as Alfred lived he played on that violin.

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL.

1843—1915.

Uncle Isaac never reached California, I am told, [(j) *This does not agree with the story I told on page A3. At this date I am unable to get the facts.*] but stopped in Utah Territory where he stayed most of the time until his death in 1891. He left some property but the bulk of his mining interests had been sold for a life annuity which, of course, stopped at his death.

On another occasion my father and some of his pals were hunting in the same Bear River valley and while crossing some marshy ground, they found some very large bear's tracks leading into a thicket near by. They sent a big camp dog, named "Bummer", in to investigate. He returned yelping and making his best speed and followed by a grizzly bear of untold dimensions—that bear was not accurately measured!—and who reared up on his hind feet a short distance from the men. They looked at the bear and decided instantly and unanimously that they had lost no bear, and in the parlance of the cattle ranges, they turned and "high-tailed" it out of there. I could tell several more that Father used to entertain Virgil and me with but space forbids.

Father and Uncle Isaac remained together for some time after their strange meeting. At one time they had a paying placer mine in partnership, had a half-mile of wooden flume built and were almost ready to operate when a mountain torrent washed out the whole works and left them to hold the sack. That meant going to work for wages again for the loss was great, especially on Uncle Isaac, who financed the venture largely. They separated after this, my father drifting farther west, but they kept in touch for several years. I remember of reading one of Uncle Isaac's letters to my father, written after my father had returned to Iowa and had a family, but it has been lost together with most of father's papers.

I remember of hearing my father tell of his trip thru Nevada, crossing the Humbolt river, of the sink of the Humbolt and of the wonderful mirages of that country. A white horse broke his hobbles one night and strayed from camp. In the morning they could see him, as they thought, at the apparent distance of two miles. Two of them started out to round up the fugitive before breakfast. After riding until after noon, they found that they had been "gypped" by a sun-bleached bone of the desert. They returned in very bad humor and found that the horse had returned of his own accord during the forenoon. When I was a boy, I confess I took this story with a grain of salt, but since I have lived in the northwest for many years where we have the same phenomenon, I can accept it without reserve.

Father spent one winter near Honey Lake, California, with the Jack Byrd horse outfit. While night-herding, the Indians, who were at war with the whites at that time, stole the larger part of the horses, but father brot in the old bell-mare and a part of the herd, thus saving his reputation as a horse-wrangler. He said, "That was a mighty long night and I could just feel an arrow tickling me in the back every time I dodged from one hiding place to another."

I have heard him speak of a trip thru Oregon and southern Washington and of working in the placer mines in the Owyhee valley in Idaho; of mowing hay with a scythe for a stage company where the rattlesnakes were thicker than total-abstainers are in the state of Washington; of working in the "Salmon River Diggings" as he called them; of working in the mines at Virginia City—the toughest camp in the northwest—where the only law-enforcing body (the "Vigilance Committee") was composed of the worst robbers, claim-jumpers and high-jackers in all the land and where the six-gun was really all the law they had.

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL.

1843—1915.

Yet he survived all these dangers and temptations and emerged from this seething cauldron of vice, with its saloons, dance-halls, gambling dens and questionable resorts, a clean and honorable young man. My father liked the west. He saw its great possibilities and expected to locate here permanently. From his prospecting and actual work he had developed a great interest in geology which continued to interest him to the end of his life.

From my earliest recollection his idea of an enjoyable holiday was to take his pick, shovel and pan and spend the day prospecting in some out-of-the-way place. Even in Iowa he found many curious specimens of rock, fossils, relics of long gone ages and occasionally specks of gold. (j) *I have now a little bottle of gold-sand and fine garnet sand that Uncle Alf and I "panned out". He found a few "colors." of gold.* Had he followed this as his life's work in some mining district, he undoubtedly would have gone far but fate decreed otherwise.

In the summer of 1869 he received a letter from his parents telling him of the death of his brother, Virgil, and asking him to come home. He started back to Iowa as soon as he could arrange his business affairs. He went into partnership with his father on the home farm. That lasted until Grandfather's death in 1876. His travels and adventures were of great interest to his friends and neighbors at home as they did not travel around much then like we do now. My brother tells me that father wrote a series of sketches of his travels and which were read at the local literary society of that time but unfortunately the papers were not preserved.

On the 26th day of March, 1870, my father was united in marriage to America S. Millhollin—a daughter of a pioneer of that part of the country. After the death of Grandfather Merrill, my father became the proprietor of the home place and of the timber land belonging to it. Here he lived many years and here all his children were born and all grew up except Charles, who died when about one year old. Both of our parents had poor health during this period and the financial returns of the farm were largely eaten up by hired help and doctors' bills. Still we had plenty to eat and to wear and spent our days of childhood as happily as tho we had millions. We were kept in school in the famous District No. 10 and all of us got a good common-school education and most of us graduated at high school and taught in the public schools of Iowa and of some other states. Our parents believed in education and we were kept in school as long as possible. They both had a good common-school education and my mother had taught some before her marriage.

Our days at home were not spent in idleness for there was much work on the farm to which we could lend a helping hand. The first presents that Virgil and I received from our dad, that I remember, were two shining hoes, which we were supposed to keep shining by use in the garden and the potato patch. The boys of to-day would not thank you for a present like that, nor would I, but at that time, we thought them the finest ever. There was wood to chop, gardens to hoe and the cows to round in from the open range. We had no ponies to ride but rounded up the cows on foot—bare-footed at that—and many (?) a rattlesnake have my brother and I killed as they lay sunning themselves in the cow-paths near sundown. Still those were happy days and we did not realize how happy until they were gone forever.

In personal appearance my father was of medium height, weighed about 180 pounds when in his prime, had gray eyes, black hair, a brown beard which he wore in the moustache and chin-whisker style and was a very muscular type of man.

(j) All matter in this sketch that is set in Italics has been inserted by A. M. Merrill by way of explanation or addition.

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL.

1843—1915.

The first school I taught was in an Irish settlement where they thought brawn was even more essential than brains. When I applied for the school, the director, an old friend of father's, tho I did not know it at that time, looked me over and said, "If you are as good a scrapper as your dad used to be, I think you will do all right." He then told me about father cleaning up a bully in a brick-yard where the director and father had worked together years before.

I got the school on father's reputation and by using some tact and considerable bluff, I got along finely without having any physical encounters—for which I was very thankful for I have always been a man of peace. From this incident I conclude that in father's younger days he was able to give a good account of himself at a time when neighborhood difficulties were not always settled by arbitration.

In 1898, father became involved in financial difficulties thru his kindness to others by signing their notes as surety and was forced to sell the old home place to Uncle George Merrill. He soon after bought another improved farm of 126 acres lying about two miles distant and at very attractive figures. We moved to the new home in the spring of 1899 and for *some* years prospered—the writer being in partnership with his father during this time—when we sold out at an advanced price owing to the increase in land values. We sold all our stock and machinery at auction sale and received a good price for everything. This placed father on a fair financial footing and immediately his thoughts began to turn towards the west.

In the fall of 1902 we moved to Lind—a town in the Inland Empire—and in the large wheat-growing district of eastern Washington. In the following spring we moved about 30 miles southwest of Lind to a homestead relinquishment that father had bought during the winter. The land lay 16 miles from the railroad—Cunningham on the N. P. being the nearest shipping point. It was a sage-brush plain; the home of the jackrabbit, the coyote and the sage-tick. Father was well pleased with the country, while to me it seemed the jumping-off place and the best place to leave I had ever seen. I left before the year ended.

Father's conception of a great future for this country was almost prophetic but it seemed to me at that time to be merely a pipe dream. He predicted that this arid plain would be a rich irrigated country of the future—the home of thousands and with all modern conveniences, railroads and shipping points. He lived to see the Milwaukee railroad build its main line to the coast, cutting thru the middle of this section and establishing the division station, Othello, five miles west of the homestead. A branch of the N. P. was built soon after from Connell to Coulee and the shipping station, Bruce, was located one mile north of his land. We have a graveled road of standard width and grade, running east from Othello, going right by our door and connecting with similar highways running in all directions.

The homestead lies almost in the geographical center of the Columbia Basin project, the largest government irrigation project. It is being agitated in Congress and is receiving some attention. The preliminary surveys have been made for several years and have been pronounced feasible by Gen. Goethals of Panama Canal fame. He visited this section in person and went over the whole territory. Similarly have reported all the federal commissions that have been sent out. It now lies in the hands of our politicians. Just when it will come I cannot say but many of our best men think it will come soon. Father did not live to see it and I may not but it will surely come. Almost 2,000,000 acres of rich land in one of the finest climates in the world are embraced in this scheme. Here my father started another home in his old age and really seemed to enjoy it altho it was another taste

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL.

1843—1915.

of real pioneer life. It had most of the drawbacks that the pioneers of the middle west had to contend with and many others that they had never even dreamed of. Water was very scarce and could only be obtained from a few deep wells already completed and from natural springs of which there were two or three in a radius of ten miles. The ranchers dug cisterns in the dry volcanic soil and plastered them up with cement and sand. The water had to be hauled in tanks—sometimes many miles to fill them. This formed the water supply for domestic use and for the stock.

These pioneer ranchers "sure" didn't take a bath before Saturday night altho they needed it long before that time in such a dusty country. The land was easily cleared; the sage brush was first broken down with railroad irons and then piled into rows and burned. The land was then plowed with the ordinary two or three bottom gang-plows, leaving it in good condition for crops. One of the diversions when working in the sage was to carefully remove the sage-ticks from your person each evening before they became imbedded in the flesh thus poisoning you and causing some very sore spots. The early ranchers treated the tick as a joke but our "medics" now claim them to be the cause of the dreaded spotted fever and now everybody is afraid of ticks, altho there has never been a case of that fever in our immediate vicinity.

Father soon added another quarter-section of railroad land to the homestead, making 320 acres of fine wheat land which is still owned by his heirs. The ranchers did well for a long period and father had a good income from the rental of his land and from the pigs, cows and chickens that he and mother kept and from the vegetables they raised on a small acreage they reserved.

It was a grand sight here at harvest time during that period; the hills covered with golden grain as far as eye could reach; the headers with their crews of men and horses cutting and piling up stacks of grain in every direction; the great combines, drawn by thirty to forty-two horses, heading and threshing and leaving behind them sacks of wheat and dumps of straw; the stationary outfits with their wind-stackers working in every direction, the straw making golden arcs on the hill-tops as it left the blowers and was piled into stacks; the six-, eight- and ten-horse outfits with trailers as they hauled the sacked grain to the warehouses.

The housing task was an easy one, for the cook-shacks followed the work and the harvesters had the right to unroll their blankets and sleep anywhere as long as their snoring did not disturb the work stock. But times have changed since about 1917, owing to a drouth period and the spread of the Russian thistle and the Jim Hill mustard. A large percent of the ranchers left the land—some because they thought best but most because they were broke. Some still farm their land but it has not been paying for several years. We now await the coming of irrigation when, as one of our "*spell-binders*" remarked, "The irrigation waters will turn this dust into gold dust."

My mother died November 10, 1910 and the homestead was home no longer to father. My younger sister, Evaretta, who still lived with them and taught school as a profession, built a house in Othello the following spring and in the fall of 1911 she and father moved to town. He spent the holidays at the home of my sister, Nora, (Mrs. C. E. Williams) near Redding, California. I met my father there in January and, being a convalescent from typhoid fever, contracted in Colorado, I came home with him to recuperate. I found them comfortably located in the new home and sister teaching in the schools of Othello. Finding employment here, I continued to make my home with them until the marriage of Evaretta to J. P. Nor-

Aug. 7, 1927.

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL.

1843—1915.

ris, a building contractor from Spokane, in June 1913, when father and I opened up bachelor quarters on the second floor of the town house where I still reside. Here I was in closer touch with father than I had ever been before for we had plenty of each other's company and each had to eat the other's cooking—a crucial test for any man. We got along well together and neither seemed to suffer any physical discomfort from our bill of fare. Uncle George Merrill and his son, Geo. Jr., visited us that fall and they, too, survived our cooking. The two brothers had a fine visit and it seemed to cheer father up a good deal.

Father was good company, a good talker at home, loved a good joke and could crack some good dry jokes of his own that never failed to hit center. He was a great reader and quite a student of scientific subjects, especially geology. He liked to talk over what he had read and that often brot on great arguments between us. He enjoyed good fiction and would sit up very late sometimes "helping out of trouble" some favorite character, as he termed it. In his younger days he was much interested in political reform and was a Greenbacker in the time of J. B. Weaver; a Union Labor advocate in the days of Powderly; a disciple of Bryan when "Free Coinage of Silver" was the issue; a Democrat in his later years but not an active partisan, altho he kept lnformed on the political issues.

While not professing Christianity, my father was a very conscientious man, honest to a fault, ever on the side of right and justice and was always ready to lend a helping hand. He spent many hours reading the Bible and believed in its teachings after his own interpretation. He had the rare and priceless faculty of attending strictly to his own business and of having a good word for everybody. He had a wide acquaintance among the pioneers and had the confidence and esteem of all.

During the last two years of his life, his health was very poor but his mind remained active and apparently he took the same interest in his surroundings as he had before. Early in the fall of 1914, his health gave way to such an extent that we thot it best for him to stay with my younger sister, Mrs. J. P. Norris, in Spokane, where he could have better care and medical attention. He made his last trip to Othello late in October and realizing that the end was fast approaching, he arranged his business affairs with me to the most minute detail. I acted as administrator of the estate and found that every statement he had made was absolutely correct. In December he had another bad spell and sister sent for me to come and help care for him. Nora came soon after from her California home, so we were all present during his illness except Virgil who lived in Illinois and could not come. On the evening of the 10th of January, 1915, after periods of unconsciousness for several days, father peacefully breathed his last.

The body was prepared for burial by the Hazen-Jager Undertaking Co. and and shipped to Othello. The largely attended funeral was held from the Presbyterian church. The sermon was delivered by Rev. James Murray. Father was laid to rest by the side of my mother, who passed away November 10th, 1910. They rest in the Adams Cemetery four miles northeast of Othello, where imposing twin monuments mark their last resting place.

The family record of Alfred Merrill and America Millhollin is as follows:

Virgil Douglas Merrill	born Jan. 30, 1871.
William Adrian Merrill	born March 13, 1872.
Leonora Adaline Merrill	born March 9, 1876.
Margaret Evaretta Merrill	born Feb. 3, 1883, died Jan. 20, 1918.
Charles Vernon Merrill	born Nov. 1, 1889, died Sep. 28, 1890.

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL.

1843—1915.

The descendants of Alfred Merrill number eleven. The family tree is so simple that I think a diagram is unnecessary.

Children of Alfred Homer Merrill. (5)

1. Virgil Douglas Merrill	born Jan. 30,	1871.
2. William Adrian Merrill	born March 13,	1872.
3. Leonora Adaline Merrill	born March 9,	1876.
4. Margaret Evaretta Merrill	born Feb. 3,	1883.
5. Charles Vernon Merrill	born Nov. 1,	1889.

Children of Leonora Adaline Merrill. (4)

6. Francis Merrill Williams	born Jan. 28,	1904.
7. Homer Esley Williams	born June 5	1909.
8. Audrey Janice Williams	born Jan. 4,	1911.
9. Ralph Mason Williams	born Nov. 11,	1917.

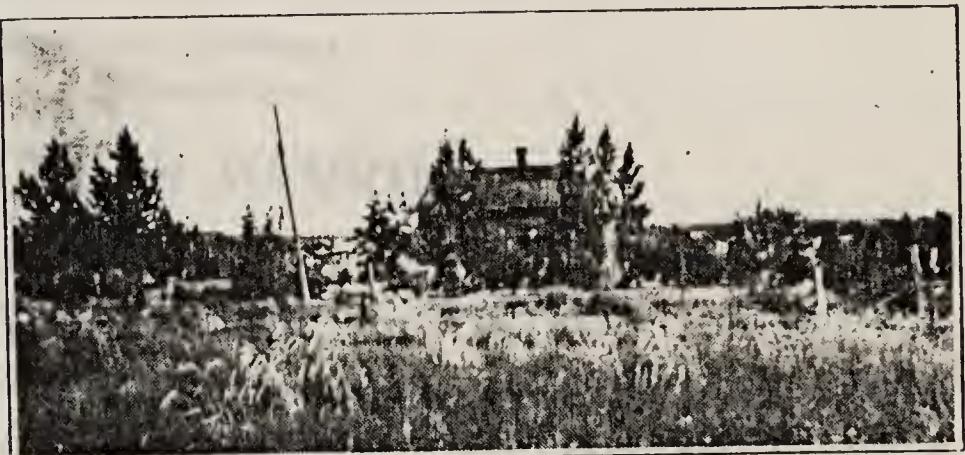
Children of Margaret Evaretta Merrill. (2)

10. Charles Homer Norris	born April 9,	1914.
11. Verna Marie Norris	born Aug. 7,	1915.

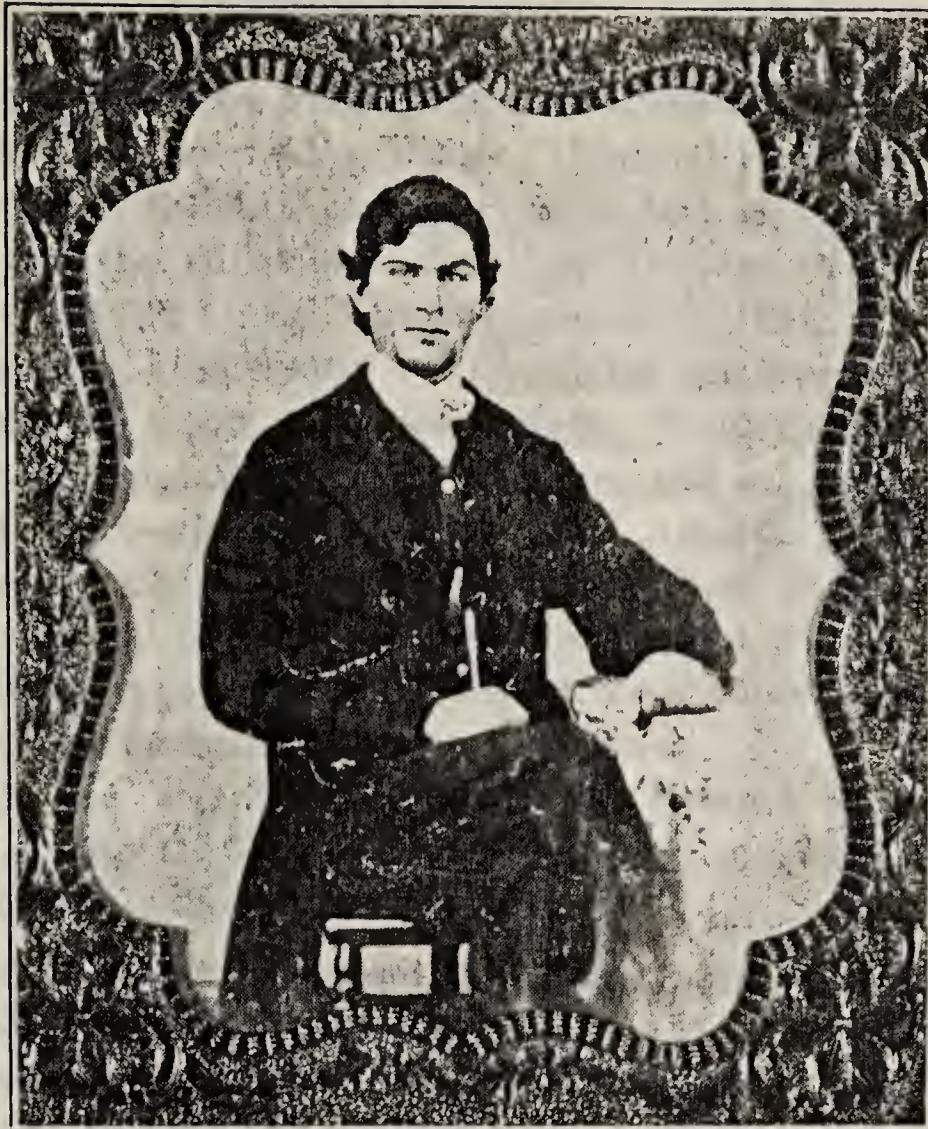
Virgil and William are still unmarried and unless these worthies change their ways soon, the name Merrill will soon die out of the Alfred Merrill branch of the family. Charles Vernon is buried in the Bear Grove Cemetery near his old home in Iowa. Evaretta is buried at Cherryvale, Kansas. She died at Coffeyville, Kansas, Jan. 20, 1918. A memoir of her is planned to follow this. All of the nine other descendants are living at this date. William resides in Othello, Wash., Virgil in Big Rock, Ill., Leonora at Anderson, Cal. and Mr. Norris at Gentry, Ark., in the same county where these memoirs are being printed.

I have not seen Virgil since 1889. I saw the rest of the family in 1897. I remember that when I was 4½ years old we went to Grandmother Merrill's house one night and they told me that in Uncle Alf's room there was a new baby. I dived under the table to consider the matter, as I thought it might be scandalous or worse. I then went in to meet Virge. I also remember when Uncle Alf came back from the "mountains", as we used to say. He was a dark man with black whiskers.

Uncle Alf was a very agreeable man and loved experiment and investigation and demanded proof. My father walked the beaten paths and was strong on faith. They agreed in taking much medicine as they were always ailing. Uncle Alf had a grim look that melted into grin when he told a dry joke. He was an honorable man, given to charity and helped many a needy person. His name is written just below Abou ben Adhem's.



The home which Alfred Merrill built near Othello, Washington.



VIRGIL DOUGLAS MERRILL.
Probably 20 years old.

VIRGIL DOUGLAS MERRILL.

1848—1869.

Virgil Douglas Merrill was the ninth and last child of Adrian and Nancy Merrill and was born about nine miles north of Columbus, Ohio, Dec. 26, 1848. At the age of 21 he died and was the first Merrill to be buried in the Bear Grove Cemetery. When he was nine years old he came to Iowa with his father's family and lived at the old Merrill home until his death. The portrait above is the only one I know of, but in his letters he writes that he had others taken. This one is in the possession of William Adrian Merrill of Othello, Washington.

I was not quite 38 months old when he died but I have a very uncertain recollection that he came to our house on a hot day and that he and my mother took me to the garden to pick blackberries and that something happened. He took my hand a distance and then carried me to the house and they poured water into a tin pan and then looked into the water. He died on the 14th of August, 1869. The total eclipse of the sun occurred on the 7th day of August of that year. I believe they were looking at that eclipse. Years afterward a few descendants of those blackberries survived and when, as a big boy, I saw them as I plowed, I always remembered the tall man and the pan of water. If this recollection is true, it is all I can remember of Uncle Virgil. He was tall and had very black hair. He was a joker and loved to laugh and to play the violin.

I have always heard him spoken of as a very promising young man. I have a series of letters, written as he grew up, to his cousin, Emma Rugg. They are just about what the average rattle-brained boy in the pin-feather stage would write. He shows no great signs of a serious old age. He thought much of my mother and my

VIRGIL DOUGLAS MERRILL.

1848—1869.

arrival in the Merrill home was a great event, because a baby in that household had been absent so long that it seemed strange. Uncle Virge would tease my mother about her son and in one of the letters following he makes rather uncomplimentary remarks about me. In the third line from the bottom of the preceding page I carelessly called Emma Rugg Uncle Virgil's "cousin". She is his niece.

Human life is a long succession of immortal spirits [so we all believe]—they are with us to-day and in a few years forgotten. To-day only about four nieces of Virgil Merrill remain to remember him. To these add my mother and perhaps one nephew. Last week we could have added Mrs. Ahmeda Merrill, widow of James Merrill, but last week came a letter saying that she died Sept. 20th. These things which we have collected and printed will soon be all that will be known about those of whom we have written except what the silent headstones say. It is therefore a labor of love to try to keep them from being forgotten.

The following letter was written to Emma Rugg. Virgil was eighteen and Emma was thirteen. The Add Hayes mentioned was the husband of Ruth Merrill and Stelle [Hayes] was their daughter.

Bear Grove, Guthrie Co., Iowa, March 20th, 1866.

Dear Niece: I take my pen in hand for the first time to write you a few lines to let you know that we are all well at present. I hope that these few lines will find you the same. I have been going to school this winter but it is out now. I went through my Arithmetic and Grammar.

It is storming like everything to-day and I have nothing to do but write letters. I have written two and this makes the third. Alfred is still in the mountains. He is in Idaho Tery., Ruby City, Owyhee Co. Isaac is at Denver City, Colorado Tery. Tell Cad that Aunt Mary (Brady) talks of coming out here to live next summer. When you write, I want you to write what Homer and Mary are doing.

Father and mother are enjoying very good health for people of their age. Father is considerable lamier than he was when he left Ohio, but he is around and does a considerable many chores. I should very much like to see you all and I think I will, if I live long enough. What is Add Hayes doing? Is he still running on the railroad? We have not heard from him for a year or more. Jim's folks are all well. He has got a couple of as pretty little girls as I ever see. Tell Soot that she must write to me. I have written to Stelle [Hayes] once or twice but have never received no answer, so I thought I would write to you and see if you would do as well as Stelle did.

Well, dinner is nearly ready and I must close. No more at present. Excuse this and I will try to do better next time. Write soon.

To Emma Rugg.

From V. D. Merrill.

Of the series of letters which he wrote to Emma Rugg, she has preserved eleven written from 1866 to August, 1869. While the contents of these letters might indicate that his mind was occupied with trivial matters, my mother says that when he was faced by death, he made a hasty preparation and according to the custom of that time, he professed a readiness and desire to go. Mother speaks of him in the strongest terms of praise. He died of a very short and exceedingly painful illness and I suppose it must have been acute appendicitis but in those days, that disease was not known by that name and the cause was unknown. It was called "inflammation of the bowels" and generally speedily terminated in death. The number of cases was small as compared with to-day.

VIRGIL DOUGLAS MERRILL.

1848—1869.

Bear Grove, Guthrie Co., Iowa, Sept. 17, 1866.

Dear Niece: I received your letter last Saturday and was very glad to hear from you that you were all well. We are all well as usual and hope this will find you the same. It has been raining here for about two weeks nearly every day. I am getting almost discouraged. I cannot do anything but shoot prairie-chickens. I wish your father was here to shoot chickens for he likes to hunt squirrels and it is more fun to shoot chickens, because they are bigger and you can hit them better.

That is true we will never see Flora's eyes sparkle any more but death will take us all away sooner or later and the sooner we are prepared the better it will be for us. Those pictures of Soot's are quite gay but I don't think that one of me is very natural, from the fact that it has red hair and blue eyes while mine are kind of a purple and hair black as a crow. I will send you my photo some day, then you can see what kind of a looking chap [I am.] I wrote a letter to Mary yesterday and sent her Alf's photo. He is pretty good looking. You will say so when you see his profile.

I think George has a gay boy to squall. I tell you he has got good lungs. I think he will make a great orator. That is not what I tell Josie. I have a good deal of fun with Jo about her boy. Without joking, he is a pretty good looking baby but I don't tell Jo so.

Well, I must bring my letter to an end. Tell Soot that girl of mine is not very good looking but I have better looking ones here than that one is.

Write soon. From

V. D. Merrill to Emma Rugg.

The "Flora" mentioned in the above letter was the only daughter of Mary Merrill who married Homer Phelps. Flora died shortly before this letter was written. She had lived in Iowa but died in Ohio. "Soot" Rugg was eleven years old and it seems she had drawn some cartoons of her Uncle Virgil and his imaginary "girl" and had enclosed them in her sister Em's letter. This shows that children of that day were built of the same sort of mud as those of to-day.

In this letter may be found the first mention made of me in history and in a wide reading of the history of that time I cannot find that it made a ripple—not a throne tottered, not an empire fell. In a letter dated Jan. 30, 1868, he wrote that he got a letter and a photograph from Estelle Hayes. Now at a date some 59 years later, I am trying to persuade that same person to answer letters. The envelopes used for these letters are of many colors—bright blue, red, orange and tints. Most of the writing was done with ink and evidently flourishes were in style.

The letter below was written only 28 days before his death. He was at that time in his 21st year and his interest appeared to be much in young ladies.

Bear Grove, Iowa, July 17, 1869.

Dear Niece: I received your kind letter of June the 27th and was glad to hear from you and that you were all well and enjoying yourself so well. It is raining like everything again to-day. That is the reason why I am writing. You wanted to know how I was going to spend my 4th of July. Well, I went down to Casey on Friday before the 4th to a dance. Had a splendid dance and on Saturday went to a celebration there. Had a very nice celebration. Had very nice music—both vocal and instrumental. Miss Hall of Casey played the melodeon and sang and a number of others assisted her in singing. Then Saturday evening I danced again. Came home on Sunday and on Monday night I played for a dance

VIRGIL DOUGLAS MERRILL.

1848—1869.

about six miles from here. It was over on Sonth Coon [river.]

I guess you did not know before that I play the violin. If I had thought, I would not have told you but you would have found it out some time any way. I never was so near played out in my life as I was the Tuesday after the 4th. I did not plow much corn you can bet. Well, enough about the 4th.

It has rained every day this week and is still raining. It has been the wettest season for number of years. I don't know but what it is going to destroy the wheat. It certainly will if it continues wet a while longer.

Does your mother ever hear from Alf or Ike? We have not heard from them since this spring. I received a letter from Alf in March. He was then at Bannock City, Montana and intended starting that day to Angelen City, Utah where Ike was and since then I have not heard from either of them.

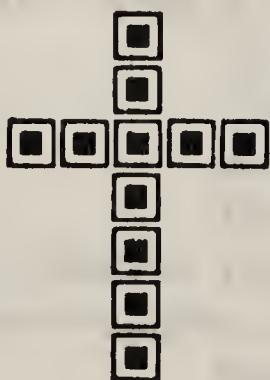
I can't do anything but read and fiddle. Write Soon.

V. D. Merrill.

After Virgil's death, his parents wrote asking Alf to come home. He came soon and took charge of the farm. I believe Virgil was named in honor of his father's old Ohio neighbor and friend, Virgil D. Moore. Virgil was a lover of music and played the violin. That instrument was in great disrepute in those days as its music was mostly used at "frolics", as the dances were called. Some of Virgil's letters indicate a great interest in those frolics. Such amusements greatly shocked his mother and she accordingly gave him an occasional "blowing-up". My mother says that he took those scoldings quietly and never gave his mother an angry or uncivil answer.

He was his mother's youngest child—her baby boy. It seems she fretted a good deal at his youthful follies. To see him so suddenly cut down at the beginning of manhood was a great grief to her.

It is sad that this biography must be so brief and unsatisfactory but the matter was delayed or unthot of until those who knew have departed. While I am glad we have been able to do this little, we can do no better now.



Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

FIRST GENERATION.

Children of Adrian Merrill and Nancy Kelly.

- A. Isaac Newton Merrill Born 1824?, died Mar. 11, 1891.
Buried in Bingham Canon, Bingham, Utah.
- B. Margaret Caroline Merrill Born Nov. 22, 1827, died Dec. 13, 1899.
Buried in Riverside Cemetery, Mifflin Twp., Franklin Co., Ohio.
Married Dayton Rugg, Nov. 18, 1852.
- C. Ruth Anna Merrill Born Dec. 22, 1830, died Feb. 1, 1907.
Buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, East St. Louis, Illinois.
Married Addison Hays, Nov. 16, 1852.
- D. Mary Merrill Born Mar. 10, 1833, died Nov. 1, 1913.
Buried in Cemetery attached to the Soldiers' and Sailors' Home
at Burkett, Hall County, Nebraska.
Married Homer Phelps in 1853.
- E. James Goble Merrill Born Nov. 1, 1835, died May 3, 1901.
Buried in Bear Grove Cem'ty, Bear Grove Twp., Guthrie Co., Ia.
Married Almeda Eloise Saxton, Dec. 7, 1861.
- F. William C. Merrill Born May 11, 1838, died Sep. 22, 1845.
Buried in Blendon Cemetery, Franklin County, Ohio.
- G. George Washington Merrill Born July 14, 1841, died May 15, 1919.
Buried in Bear Grove Cemetery, Guthrie County, Iowa.
Married Mary Louisa Josephine Warden, Aug. 2, 1865.
- H. Alfred Homer Merrill Born Oct. 23, 1843, died Nov. 10, 1910.
Buried in Adams Cemetery, Othello, Washington.
Married America S. Millhollin, March 26, 1870.
- I. Virgil Douglas Merrill Born Dec. 26, 1848, died Aug. 14, 1869.
Buried in Bear Grove Cemetery, Gnfhrie County, Iowa.

SECOND GENERATION.

MARGARET CAROLINE MERRILL LINE.

Children of Margaret Caroline Merrill. (10)

- BA. Emma Caroline Rugg Born Sep. 3, 1853.
Married Albert F. Dickey, Apr. 19, 1890. ~~He~~ Died March 6, 1904.
Address, Gahanna, Sunbury Road, R. F. D.
- BB. Sootie J. Rugg Born Feb. 27, 1855, died May 9, 1919.
Married Joseph Milton Bever, July 10, 1879.
Buried at Seattle, Washington.
- BC. Julius Rugg Born Dec., 1856, died 1857.
- BD. Delia Rugg Born Dec., 1858, died 1859.
- BE. Infant Born Dec., 1859, died 1860.
- BF. Helen Rugg Born Apr. 18, 1861.
Married Willis Stimson Taylor, Dec. 16, 1885.
Address, Columbus, Ohio, 1973 Denune avenue.
- BG. William Rugg Born Mar. 24, 1863, died January, 1865.
- BH. Dayton Rugg Born Feb. 28, 1865.
Married Ota Harris, May 28, 1886.
Address, Gahanna, Ohio, Sunbury Road, R. F. D.
- BI. Ada Rugg Born Apr. 28, 1867.
Married Fay Turney, Sep. 20, 1905. Died Jan. 15, 1922.
Address, Gahanna, Ohio, Sunbury Road, R. F. D.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

BJ. Gertrude Rugg Born Oct. 4, 1872.
Married F. O. Carlton, Jan. 17, 1910.
Address, Seattle, Washington, 412 North 61th street.

THIRD GENERATION.

Children of Sootie J. Rugg. (3)

BBA. Mable Margaret Bever Born Aug. 19, 1879.
Married Grant Laizure, Aug. 9, 1905.
Address, Seattle, Washington, 3409 Hanford street.
BBB. Roscoe Conkling Bever Born July 8, 1881.
Married Mary Lyle, Jan. 18, 1911.
Address, Seattle, Washington.

BBC. Thurlow Weed Bever Born July 22, 1883.
Address, Seattle, Washington, 3409 Hanford street.

Children of Helen Rugg. (4)

BFA. Emma Louise Taylor Born Mar. 9, 1887.
Married William E. McCann, Aug. 2, 1910.
Address, Black Lick, Ohio, R. F. D. No. 2.
BFB. John King Taylor Born Dec. 8, 1889.
Address, Columbus, Ohio, 1973 Denuncie avenue.
BFC. William Trumbo Taylor Born Mar. 21, 1894, died Feb. 23, 1926.
Married Irene Dublin, August 6, 1919.
Buried at Columbus, Ohio.
BFD. Margaret Merrill Taylor Born Mar. 1, 1898, died Dec. 5, 1915.
Buried at Columbus, Ohio.

Children of Dayton Rugg. (6)

BHA. John Harris Rugg Born Mar. 9, 1889.
Married Cora Klotts, Nov. 4, 1919.
Address, Gahanna, Ohio.
BHB. Dayton M. Rugg Born Dec. 22, 1892
Married Agnes Bright, June 16, 1915.
Address, Gahanna, Ohio, Sunbury Road, R. F. D.
BHC. Ethel Margaret Rugg Born Mar. 13, 1895.
Married Henry Young, June 21, 1924.
Address, Columbus, Ohio, 154 South 17th street.
BHD. Zora Isabel Rugg Born Jan. 19, 1898.
Married Archie Fletcher, Aug. 20, 1920.
Address, Columbus, Ohio, 1580, Cordell ave.
BHE. Ellsworth Elmer Rugg Born Jun. 22, 1900.
Married Grace Loughenry, June 12, 1920.
Address, Columbus, Ohio.
BHF. Zelma Eugenia Rugg Born Jan. 10, 1905.
Address, Gahanna, Ohio, Sunbury Road, R. F. D.

Children of Ada Rugg. (2)

BIA. Helen Faye Turney Born Aug. 6, 1906.
Address, Gahanna, Ohio, Sunbury Road, R. F. D.
BIB. Gwendolen Margaret Turney Born Nov. 26, 1907.
Address, Gahanna, Ohio, Sunbury Road, R. F. D.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

FOURTH GENERATION.

Children of Emma Louise Taylor. (3)

BFAA. Dorothy Louise McCann Born Nov. 23, 1913.
Address, Black Lick, Ohio, R. F. D. 2.
BFAB. Margaret Catherine McCann Born June 2, 1915.
Address, same as above.
BFAC. William Taylor McCann Born Nov. 23, 1920.
Address, same as above.

Children of Dayton M. Rugg. (2)

BHBA. Robert Dayton Rugg Born Aug. 27, 1916.
Address, Gahanna, Ohio, Sunbury Road, R. F. D.
BHBB. Theodore Arnold Rugg Born Aug. 14, 1922.
Address, same as above.

Child of Zora Isabel Rugg. (1)

BHDA. Patricia Ann Fletcher Born July 4, 1922.
Address, Columbus, Ohio, 1580 Cordell ave.

Children of Ellsworth Elmer Rugg. (4)

BHEA. Elinor June Rugg Born Oct. 31, 1920.
Address, Columbus, Ohio.
BHEB. John Russell Rugg Born June 19, 1922.
Address, same as above.
BHEC. Ruth Elaine Rugg Born Jan. 10, 1924.
Address, same as above.
BHED. Royal Wilton Rugg Born Feb. 14, 1926.
Address, same as above.

RUTH ANNA MERRILL LINE.

SECOND GENERATION.

Children of Ruth Anna Merrill. (6)

CA. Clelia Estelle Hays Born Sep. 27, 1854, died Jan. 2, 1928.
Married Thomas Bowman, Nov. 16, 1873.
Buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, East St. Louis, Ill.
CB. George Adrian Hays Born Aug. 10, 1856, died Apr. 9, 1889.
Married Mary La Zeare, March 6, 1886.
Buried at Wyandotte, Kansas.
CC. Addison Eugene Hays Born Nov. 17, 1859, died Oct. 11, 1904.
Buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, East St. Louis, Ill.
CD. Lillie Florence Hays Born Sep 11, 1861.
Married James R. Turner, Aug. 13, 1878.
Address, Olivet, Illinois, Box 38.
CE. Mary Caroline Hays Born Jan. 19, 1865.
Married Charles W. Helle, Feb. 18, 1889, died June 30, 1902.
Address, East St. Louis, Illinois, 639 North 27th street.
CF. Emerett Isabelle Hays Born Apr. 22, 1868, died Apr. 12, 1922.
Married Henry G. Cook, Oct. 20, 1894.
Buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, East St. Louis, Ill.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

THIRD GENERATION.

Children of Clelia Estelle Hays. (7)

CAA. Infant boy—lived only a day— Born Jan. 15, 1877.
CAB. Bird Bowman Born Mar. 27, 1878, died Apr. 23, 1928.
Married Ephraim Marmaduke, Sep. 10, 1918.
Buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, East St. Louis, Ill.
CAC. George Bowman Born May 5, 1880.
Married Caroline Strack, Apr. 25, 1901.
Address, Freeburg, Illinois.
CAD. Pansy Edna Bowman Born Feb 24, 1883.
Married Edward Vandendale, Feb. 22, 1912
Address, Mentor on the lake, Ohio,
CAE. Estelle Clelia Bowman Born Oct. 18, 1886.
Married Sidney Berryman, June 9, 1906.
Address, Eldorado, Ill., 1818 Saline street, RFD No. 1.
CAF. Maud May Bowman Born Dec. 14, 1888.
Married Guy Morriss, Nov. 3, 1906.
Address, East St. Louis, Illinois, 717 St. Claire avenue.
CAG. Edward Bowman Born May 25, 1892.
Married Mildred Henifield, Nov. 6, 1918.
Address, East St. Louis, Illinois, 1912 Cleveland ave.

Children of Lillie Florence Hays. (6)

CDA. George Adrian Turner Born Apr. 6, 1881.
Married Stella Cranmer, May 25, 1899.
Address, Minneapolis, Minn., 640 Builders' Exchange.
CDB. Clara Pearl Turner Born Feb. 4, 1883.
Married William Theodore Crain, Jan. 21, 1908.
Address, Chicago, Ill., 418 West 60th Place.
CDC. James Andrew Turner Born Jan. 20, 1885, died Nov. 4, 1918.
Married Rose Joudier, Nov. 27, 1909.
Buried in the American Soldiers' Cemetery in France.
CDD. Robert Shaw Turner Born June 20, 1890, died July 17, 1891.
Buried in Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, Ohio.
CDE. Harry William Turner Born May 25, 1893.
Married Marie Culp, Jan. 27, 1924.
Address, Dayton, Ohio, 2216 East 3d street.
CDF. Ruth Annamay Turner Born Oct. 6, 1902,
Married Dwight Lowell Judd, Sep. 11, 1918.
Address, Olivet, Ill., Box 85.

Children of Emerett Isabelle Hays. (4)

CFA. Lillie May Cook Born Nov. 6, 1896.
Married Richard E. Tegtmeier, Aug. 28, 1919.
Address, East St. Louis, Ill., 658 North 27th street.
CFB. Frank Adrian Cook Born Aug. 10, 1898.
Married Ethel Waddel, Feb. 23, 1916.
Address, East St. Louis, Illinois, 3236 Douglas avenue.
CFC. Ruth Ann Cook Born Jan. 10, 1900, died June 28, 1902
Buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, East St. Louis, Ill.
CFD. George Edward Cook Born June 9, 1905.
Married Anna May Dee, June 9, 1925.
Address, East St. Louis, Ill., 1520 Illinois ave.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill, Fourth Generation.

Children of George Bowman. (6)

CACA. Margaret Bowman Born Nov. 13, 1901.
 Address, St. Louis, Mo.

CACB. Thomas Bowman Born Feb. 2, 1904.
 Married Lillian Krupp, Aug. 11, 1926.
 Address, Freeburg, Ill.

CACC. Bertha Bowman Born July 4, 1905.
 Married Mahlon Williams, June 7, 1922.
 Address, Freeburg, Ill.

CACD. Mildred Bowman Born Feb. 10, 1908.
 Married Frank Armstrong, March 2, 1929.
 Address, St. Louis, Mo,

CACE. Rose Bowman Born April 5, 1913.
 Married Milton Petri, 1930.
 Address, St. Louis, Mo.

CACF. Pansy Bowman Born Feb. 3, 1916.
 Address, Freeburg, Ill.

Child of Estelle Clelia Bowman. (1)

CAEA. Susie Berryman Born July 29, 1907.
 Address, Eldorado, Illinois, 1808 Saline street, RFD No. 1.

CAFA. Esther Morriss Born Aug. 8, 1907.
 Address, East St. Louis, Illinois, 717 St. Clair avenue.

Children of Edward Bowman. (4)

CAGA. Edward Bowman, Jr. Born May 2, 1919.
 Address, East St. Louis, Illinois, 1912 Cleveland avenue.

CAGB. John Thomas Bowman Born May 24, 1920,
 Address, same as above.

CAGC. Mary Agnes Bowman Born Apr. 22, 1921.
 Address, same as above.

CAGD. Thomas Russell Bowman Born Nov. 21, 1927.
 Address, same as above.

Children of George Adrian Turner. (3)

CDAA. Janice Helen Turner Born May 8, 1901.
 Married Alexander Holmer, June 6, 1919.
 Address, Chicago, Illinois, 7719 Drexel avenue.

CDAB. Melville Turner Born Oct. 10, 1903.
 Married Martha Turner, Sep. 8, 1924.
 Address, Chicago, Illinois, 6935 Harper avenue.

CDAC. Elinor Turner Born May 17, 1911.
 Address, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Child of Clara Pearl Turner. (1)

CDBA. Lillian Viola Crain Born Mar. 28, 1912.
 Address, Chicago, Illinois, 418 West 60th Place.

Children of Harry Willian Turner. (2)

CDEA. James Carl Turner Born Jan. 16, 1924.
 Address, Dayton, Ohio, 2216 East Third street.

CDEB. Bessie June Turner Born Feb. 20, 1925.
 Address, same as above.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill, Fourth Generation.

Children of Ruth Annamay Turner. (2)

CDFA. Esther Florence Judd Born June 24, 1919.
Address, Olivet, Illinois.

CDEB. Clara Estelle Judd Born Aug. 17, 1921.
Address, same as above.

Child of Lillie May Cook. (1)

CFAA. Charles Henry Tegtmeier Born June 10, 1920.
Address, East St. Louis, Illinois, 658 North 27th street.

Children of Frank Adrian Cook. (2)

CFBA. Walter Cook Born Aug. 8, 1916, Died Feb. 1, 1917.
Buried in Mount Hope Cemetery, East St. Louis, Illinois.

CFBB. Delphine Dolores Cook Born Apr. 8, 1918.
Address, East St. Louis, Illinois, 3239 Douglas avenue.

Children of George Edward Cook. (2)

CFCA. Dorothy Dolores Cook Born Jan. 4, 1927.
Address, East St. Louis, Illinois, 1520 Illinois avenue.

CFCB. Wilma Jean Cook Born Apr. 13, 1929.
Address, same as above.

FIFTH GENERATION.

Child of Janice Helen Turner. (1)

CDAAA. Gloria May Holmer Born Dec. 22, 1923.
Address, Chicago, Ill., 7719 Drexel avenue.

Child of Melville Turner. (1)

CDABA. Melville Turner, Jr. Born Jan. 19, 1923.
Address, Chicago, Illinois, 6935 Harper avenue.

MARY MERRILL LINE.

Second Generation

Children of Mary Merrill. (3)

DA. Francis Edward Phelps Born Sept. 9, 1854.
Married Ida Van Dyke 1879. She died in 1882. No children.
Married Belle A. in 1884.
Address, Verdel, Nebraska.

DB. Florence Laurelli Phelps Born Aug. 3, 1857. Died Aug. 1866.
Buried near Columbus, Ohio.

DC. Tolbert Hite Phelps Born Feb. 7, 1864.
Married Nellie May Elgam, Dec. 2, 1885.
Address, Chicago, Ill., 6116 South Bishop st.

Third Generation,

Child of Francis Edward Phelps.

DAA. Merrill Dayton Phelps Born Oct. 27, 1886. Died Oct. 26, 1887.
Buried at Owaneco, Illinois.

Children of Tolbert Hite Phelps. (2)

DCA. William Edward Phelps Born May 31, 1887.
Married
Address, 4713 Auckland, North Hollywood, Cal.

DCB. Leroy Clifford Phelps Born July 3, 1889. Died in Apr., 1913.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

Fourth Generation.

Child of William Edward Phelps.

DCAA. Herbert Leroy Phelps Born Oct. 9, 1911.
Address, N. Lawndale Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES GOBLE MERRILL LINE:

Second Generation

Children of James Goble Merrill. (8)

EA. Elva Josephine Merrill Born June 16, 1863.
Married Frank E. Spitler, Sep. 23, 1886.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa, RFD.

EB. Lily Bell Merrill Born Feb. 2, 1865. Died Oct., 1901.
Married Edward Rigler, Oct. 15, 1884.

EC. Minnie Sarah Merrill Born Sep. 23, 1866.
Married Foster Rigler, Feb. 8, 1887.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa, RFD.

ED. James Adelbert Merrill Born Oct. 7, 1868. Died July 8, 1908.
Married Hattie Fergessen, Sep. 1889. She died Oct. 20, 1926.

EE. Effie Eloise Merrill Born April 30, 1872.
Married Odes Tracy, Oct. 26, 1892.
Address, Carroll, Iowa.

EF. Jessie Grace Merrill Born May 23, 1874.
Married C. E. Pitts,
Address, Shanghai, China.

EG. Sanford Adrian Merrill Born Feb. 5, 1878.
Married Carrie Downing, Jan. 17, 1911.
Address, Carroll, Iowa.

EH. Lulu Carolyn Merrill Born Sep. 27, 1881. Died June 8, 1903.
Buried in Bear Grove Cemetery, Guthrie Co., Iowa.

Third Generation,

Children of Elva Josephine Merrill. (4)

EAA. Nellie Pauline Spitler Born Aug. 2, 1887.
Married George Ralph Thompson, Aug. 3, 1905.
Address, Atlantic, Iowa, 401½ Chestnut st.

EAB. Vere Merrill Spitler Born Mar. 8, 1890.
Married Louise Myers, 1908.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa, RFD.

EAC. Golda Leota Spitler Born Nov. 2, 1892.
Married James L. Laughery, Sep. 23, 1914. He died, July 1, 1932.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa, RFD.

EAD. Frances Josephine Spitler Born July 27, 1896. Died Sep. 14, 1896.

Children of Lily Bell Merrill. (2)

EBA. Grace Rigler Born Aug. 16, 1885. Died Mar. 7, 1916.

EBB. Ralph Rigler Born Oct. 1, 1888. Died Nov. 29, 1925.
Married Hazel Magrew, Feb. 2, 1914.

Children of Minnie Sarah Merrill. (4)

ECA. Henry George Rigler Born Dec. 26, 1887.
Married Myrtle Hurd, Dec. 23, 1911.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa, RFD.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

Third Generation.

ECB. Bernice Pauline Rigler Born Oct. 15, 1889. Died Jan. 30, 1920.
Married Clarence Fogg, Dec. 14, 1909.

ECC. Mergie Almeda Rigler Born Oct. 19, 1893.
Married J. E. Hubbard, Apr. 30, 1917.
Address, Evanston, Ill., 2315 Hastings ave.

ECD. Foster Merrill Rigler Born Apr. 14, 1902.
Children of James Adelbert Merrill. (10)

EDA. Alta Merrill Born June 8, 1889. Died Nov. 21, 1901.

EDB. Edith Maud Merrill Born Apr. 21, 1890. Died May 1, 1890.

EDC. Fae Ina Merrill Born July 26, 1891. Died Dec. 26, 1926.
Married Frank W. Kelly, Jan. 25, 1913.

EDD. James Adrian Merrill Born Feb. 21, 1893.
Married Mrs. Ardis (Gray) Merrill, widow of David Earl Merrill,
September 3, 1922.
Address, Cascade Locks, Washington.

EDE. David Earl Merrill Born Mar. 28, 1895. Died May 15, 1921.
Married Ardis Gray, Aug. 14, 1914.

EDF. Colon Merrill Born Jan. 18, 1898.
Address, Portland, Oregon, 387 East Ankeny st.

EDG. Dewey Merrill Born Nov. 7, 1900.
Married Janette Jacobson,
Address, Portland, Oregon, 1437 Mason st.

EDH. Blanche Merrill Born Oct. 7, 1902.
Married Kenneth James Ryan, Jan. 28, 1902.
Cascade Locks, Oregon.

EDI. Adelbert Merrill Born Dec. 21, 1905. Died Feb. 27, 1927.

EDJ. Virgil Merrill Born May 30, 1907(?). Died May 10, 1922.

Children of Effie Eloise Merrill. (6)

EEA. James G. Tracy Born Jan. 1, 1894:
Married Eva Knox, Jan. 3, 1918.
Address, Fantilel, Iowa.

EEB. Claude Merrill Tracy Born July 3, 1899.
Married Jennie K. Hasner, Dec. 24, 1921.
Address, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

EEC. Dayton V. Tracy Born Nov. 2, 1902.
Address, Carroll, Iowa.

EED. Francis LaVerne Tracy Born Nov. 22, 1904. Died Sep. 2, 1928.

EEE. Harold Tracy Born June 24, 1908.
Married Viola May Ellege, Aug. 6, 1927.
Address, Carroll, Iowa.

EEF. Helen Tracy Born June 24, 1908.
Married Fred Kane, Feb. 28, 1925.
Address, Carroll, Iowa.

☞ Harold and Helen are twins.

Fourth Generation,

Children of Nellie Pauline Spitler. (3)

EAAA. Helen Leona Thompson Born Feb. 28, 1906.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

Fourth Generation.

EAAB. Frank Harold Thompson Born July 1, 1907.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa.

EAAC. Gwendolen Gladys Thompson Born Sep. 3, 1913.
Address, same as above.

Child of Vere Merrill Spitler.

EABA. Alma Spitler Born June 26, 1908.
Married Theodore Kriehl -----
Address, Woodruff, Wisconsin.

Children of Golda Leota Spitler. (2)

EACA. Lynn Buckley Laughery Born Jan. 17, 1917.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa.

EACB. Kirby Joe Laughery Born Feb. 14, 1922.
Address, same.

Children of Henry George Rigler. (2)

ECAA. Leo Marvale Rigler Born April 6, 1914.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa, RFD 6.

ECAB. Twila Elowene Rigler Born March 11, 1921.
Address, same.

Children of Bernice Pauline Rigler. (5)

ECBA. Foster Robert Fogg Born Oct. 15, 1910. Died Aug. 22, 1914.

ECBB. Clarence Willard Fogg Born March 18, 1912.

ECBC. Wendell Paul Fogg Born July 12, 1913.

ECBD. John Wylie Fogg Born June 28, 1915.

ECBE. Barbara Lucille Fogg Born Aug. 7, 1917.

Children of Mergie Almeda Rigler. (3)

ECCA. Mergie Josephine Hubbard Born Feb. 24, 1918.
Address, Des Moines, Iowa, 843 East 24th Court street.

ECCB. Jack Norman Hubbard Born April 6, 1922.
Address, same.

ECCC. Maxine Joan Hubbard Born Jan. 12, 1932
Address, same.

Children of James Adrian Merrill and Ardis Gray. (2)

EDDA. James Adrian Merrill, Jr., Born May 11, 1923.
Address, Cascade Locks, Oregon.

EDDB. Adelbert Charles Merrill Born Aug. 14, 1924.
Address, same.

Children of David Earl Merrill and Ardis Gray. (2)

EDEA. Helen Bernice Merrill Born Dec. 25, 1916.
Address, same.

EDEB. Lois Louraine Merrill Born Jan. 18, 1918.
Address, same.

Children of Dewey Merrill. (2)

EDGA. Marguerite Merrill Born Oct. 2, 1923.
Address, Portland, Oregon, 387 Ankeny street.

EDGB. Dewey Merrill, Jr. Born June 19, 1925.
Address, same.

Children of Blanche Merrill and James Ryan. (2)

EDHA. Patrick Merrill Ryan Born Sept. 21, 1920.
Address, Cascade Locks, Oregon.

EDHB. Damaris Jane Ryan Born March 24, 1924.
Address, same.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

Fourth Generation.

JAMES GOBLE MERRILL LINE.

Child of Blanche Merrill and R. E. Andrews.

EDHC. A babe, but sex, name and date of birth not yet reported to me.

Children of James G. Tracy. (4)

EEAA. Donal Lyle Tracy Born July 27, 1919.

Address, Casey, Iowa.

EEAB. Dwaine Gilbert Tracy Born Nov. 22, 1921.

Address, same.

EEAC. Dale Everett Tracy Born July 19, 1923.

Address, same.

EEAD. Leonard James Tracy Born March 25, 1925.

Address, same.

Children of Claude Merrill Tracy. (3)

EEBA. Ila May Tracy Born Dec. 4, 1923.

Address, Ft. Dodge, Iowa.

EEBB. Lorraine Fae Tracy Born May 30, 1928.

Address, same.

EEBC. William Dale Tracy Born Dec. 5, 1930.

Address, same.

Children of Dayton V. Tracy. (2)

EECA. Marilyn Frances Tracy Born Dec. 27, 1925.

Address, Casey, Iowa.

EECB. Marcella Mae Tracy Born June 8, 1927.

Address, same.

Children of Harold Tracy. (2)

EEEEA. Donna Ray Tracy Born March 22, 1929.

Address, Carroll, Iowa.

EEEB. Harold Lavern Tracy Born Oct. 16, 1930.

Address, same.

Child of Helen Tracy and Fred Kane.

EEFA. Warren Dwayne Kane Born Jan. 22, 1927.

Address, Carroll, Iowa.

Child of Helen Tracy and Al Stump.

EEFB. Layton Merrill Stump Born July 6, 1931.

Address, Carroll, Iowa.

Fifth Generation.

Great-grandchildren of James Goble Merrill.

Children of Alma Spitler. (2)

EABA. Theodore Kriehl, Jr. Born Feb. 15, 1928.

Address, Woodruff, Wisconsin.

EABAB. A son—but name and date of birth not yet reported to me.

Address, same.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill. Second Generation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MERRILL LINE.

Children of George Washington Merrill. (8)

GA. Arthur McEwen Merrill Born June 25, 1866.
Married Cordelia Vesper Davis, Jan. 1, 1892.
Address, Rogers, Arkansas, 617 S. 6th street.

GB. Mary E. Merrill Born Nov. 23, 1868.
Married Daniel W. Barns, Nov. 10, 1898.
Address, Marble, Colorado.

GC. Edith Anna Merrill Born Sep 5, 1873. Died Sep. 14, 1874.
Buried in Bear Grove Cemetery, Guthrie Co., Iowa.

GD. George Warden Merrill Born Sep. 19, 1875.
Married Mary Elizabeth Kirkwood, May 11, 1898.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa, RFD 6.

GE. Willard Emmett Merrill Born April 3, 1878.
Married Carrie Hanson, -----
Address, Trinidad, Colo., RFD.

GF. Thomas Bradley Merrill Born Aug. 11, 1881.
Married Margaret Claire Reec, July 30, 1900.
Address, Tulsa, Okla., 28 North Xanthus street.

GG. Dayton Eugene Merrill Born April 11, 1884.
Married Ruth Josephine Hyland, July 31, 1917.
Address, Rogers, Ark., 501 West Sycamore street.

GH. Clinton Clyde Merrill Born March 10, 1888. Died June 20, 1889.
Buried in Bear Grove cemetery.

Third Generation.

Children of Arthur McEwen Merrill. (2)

GAA. Walter Delno Merrill Born May 4, 1893.
Married Margaret Susan Smith, Aug. 30, 1919.
Address, Rogers, Ark., 504 W. Pine street.

GAB. Lorada Irene Merrill Born April 17, 1897. Died Feb. 27, 1905.
Buried in Rogers Cemetery, Rogers, Arkansas.

Children of Mary E. Merrill. (2)

GBA. George Daniel Barns Born Sep. 10, 1899.
Married Ruth Augusta Howland, May 20, 1918. She died Oct. 26, 1922.
Buried at Denver, Colorado.
He then married Myrtle Grace Rennix Hankins, Apr. 7, 1924.
Address, Newcastle, Colo.

GBB. Emma Maurine Barns Born July 9, 1904.
Married Frederick Fremont Pervorse, Aug. 2, 1923. Divorced.
She then married Julius Edward Nicholai, Aug. 26, 1928.
Address, Marble, Colorado,

Children of George Warden Merrill. (3)

GDA. Mary Josephine Merrill Born April 4, 1899.
Married Clark Trailer, June 1, 1922.
Address, Marne, Iowa.

GDB. George Willard Merrill Born Dec. 11, 1900.
Married Nora Adeline Oaks, Aug. 4, 1921.
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa, RFD 6.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

Third Generation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MERRILL LINE.

GDC. Ross Kirkwood Merrill Born Feb. 6, 1904.
Address, same.
Children of Willard Emmett Merrill. (6)

GEA. Lawrence Victor Merrill Born Feb. 15, 1904.
Address, Brooklyn, N. Y., 682 Arygle Road.

GEB. Augusta Evangeline Merrill Born April 3, 1905.
Married James J. Davis, June _____, 1927.
Address, DeLuxe Studio, Trinidad, Colo.

GEC. Constance Hazel Merrill Born Nov. 4, 1907.
Married Earl Waren, Jan. 1, 1926.
Address, Baldy, New Mexico, via Ute Park.

GED. Pauline Merrill Born March 30, 1910.
Address, 614 12th street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

GEE. Parva Stella Merrill Born Sep. 21, 1914.
Address, same.

GEF. Geraldine Eloise Merrill Born Sep. 25, 1920.
Address, Trinidad, Colorado, RFD.
Children of Thomas Bradley Merrill. (6)

GFA. Oceon Leverne Merrill Born Oct. 14, 1901.
Married Edfred Loren Shannon, Jan. 1, 1923.
Address, Stillwater, Okla., 810 Monroe street.

GFB. David Dayton Merrill Born July 4, 1903.
Married Madelaine Camden, June 28, 1925.
Address, Memphis, Tenn.

GFC. Duke Barrett Merrill Born Nov. 29, 1905.
Address, Tulsa, Okla., 28 North Xanthus street.

GFD. Margaret Maxine Merrill Born Feb. 4, 1908.
Married Max Armstrong, Nov. 12, 1931.
Address, Marietta, Okla.

GFE. Evalyn Lorene Merrill Born Feb. 15, 1910.
Married Robert Gail Davis, May 14, 1929.
Address, Altus, Okla.

GFF. Thomas Bradley Merrill Jr. Born Aug. 1, 1916.
Address, Tulsa, Okla., 28 N. Xanthus st.
Children of Dayton Eugene Merrill. (2)

GGA. Josephine Grace Merrill Born Apr. 10, 1918.
Rogers, Ark., 501 West Sycamore street.

GGB. Dayton Eugene Merrill, Jr. Born Aug. 5, 1919.
Address, same.

Fourth Generation.

Child of Walter Delno Merrill.

GAAA. Harold Arthur Merrill Born June 1, 1921.
Address, Rogers, 504 West Pine street.

Child of George Daniel Barns and Ruth Augusta Howland.

GBAA. Elizabeth Josephine Barns Born March 15, 1920.
Address, Marble, Colo.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill. Fourth Generation.

GEORGE WASHINGTON MERRILL LINE.

Children of George Daniel Barns and Myrtle G. R. Hankins. (2)

GBAB. George Daniel Barns, Jr. Born Nov. 26, 1928.
Address, Newcastle, Colo.

GBAC. Lewis Wetzell Barns Born July 26, 1931.
Address, same.

Child of Emma Maurine Barns and Frederick Fremont Pervorse.

GBBA. Richard Willard Pervorse Born May 25, 1924.
Address, Marble, Colo.

Child of Emma Maurine Barns and Julius Edward Nicholai.

GBBB. Mary June Maurine Nicholai Born June 2, 1931.
Address, Marble, Colo.

Children of Mary Josephine Merrill. (3)

GDAA. Clark Merrill Trailer Born June 10, 1923.
Address, Marne, Iowa.

GDAB. James Warden Trailer Born Oct. 1, 1925.
Address, same.

GDAC. Glen Eugene Trailer Born March 12, 1927.
Address, same.

Children of George Willard Merrill. (3)

GDBA. Mary May Merrill Born Nov. 13, 1924
Address, Guthrie Center, Iowa, RFD 6.

GDBB. Norma Lou Merrill Born May 19, 1928.
Address, same.

GDBC. George Wynn Merrill Born Aug. 20, 1929.
Address, same.

Children of Constance Hazel Merrill. (2)

GECA. Leonora Earlene Waren Born July 17, 1928.
Address, Baldy, New Mexico.

GECB. Jackielyn Jean Waren Born Aug. 13, 1930.
Address, same.

Children of Oceon Leverne Merrill. (2)

GFAA. Margaret Merrill Shannon Born March 30, 1924.
Address, Stillwater, Okla.

GFAB. Edfred Lorne Shannon Born June 30, 1926.
Address, same.

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL LINE.

Second Generation.

Children of Alfred Homer Merrill. (5)

HA. Virgil Douglas Merrill Born Jan. 30, 1871.
Address, Big Rock, Ill.

HB. William Adrian Merrill Born Mar. 3, 1872. Died May ..., 1930.
Buried at Othello, Washington.

HC. Leonora Adeline Merrill Born March 9, 1876.
Married C. E. Williams _____
Address, Anderson, California, RFD.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill. Second Generation.

ALFRED HOMER MERRILL LINE.

HD. Margaret Everetta Merrill Born Feb. 3, 1883. Died Jan. 20, 1918.
Married J. P. Norris, June 29, 1913.
Buried at Cherryvale, Kansas.

HE. Charles Vernon Merrill Born Nov. 1, 1889. Died Sep. 28, 1890.
Buried in Bear Grove Cemetery, Guthrie County, Iowa.

Third Generation.

HCA. Francis Merrill Williams Born Jan. 29, 1904.
Address, Anderson, Cal., RFD.

HCB. Homer Esley Williams Born June 5, 1909.
Address, same.

HCC. Audrey Janice Williams Born Jan. 4, 1911.
Address, same.

HCD. Ralph Mason Williams Born Nov. 12, 1917.
Address, same.

HDA. Charles Homer Norris Born April 9, 1914.
Address, Gentry, Arkansas.

ADB. Verna Marie Norris Born Aug. 7, 1915.
Address, same.



Adrian Merrill was born in 1799—133 years ago. If he were to return to this earth, he would doubtless be astonished to see the great tribe that claims descent from him. Gathering the data in the foregoing REGISTER was no small task. This labor will be a great help to those who may continue this history. Those who helped me most were my mother, my brother George, Mrs. Mary Allan, Mrs. Helen Rugg Taylor, Mrs. Josephine Spitler, William Adrian Merrill, Mrs. Lillie Turner, Mrs. Frank Phelps and Tolbert Phelps. Many others helped to less extent. For the whole tribe, I extend thanks to all who helped. Had any of the help failed, we could not have made up the loss.

Register of the Descendants of Adrian Merrill.

Table I. Numbers per generation.

Generation.	1st	2nd.	3d.	4th.	5th.	Totals.
First Generation	9					
Caroline's Line		10	15	10		35
Ruth's Line		6	17	25	2	50
Mary's Line		3	3	1		7
James' Line		8	26	38	2	74
George' Line		8	21	16		45
Alfred's Line		5	6			11
Totals	9	40	38	90	4	231

Table III. Sex.

	Male.	Female.	Unreported.	Totals.
First generation	6	3		9
Caroline's Line	18	16	1	35
Ruth's Line	20	30		50
Mary's Line	6	1		7
James's Line	40	33	1	74
George's Line	24	21		45
Alfred's Line	7	4		11
Totals	121	118	2	231

Table III. Deaths.

First Generation	9—All.
2nd	" 18
3rd	" 18
4th	" 2
Total	47

The male descendants named Merrill are all in the lines of James, George and Alfred. They were few. At last news, only 22 were living.

Six of these have reached the age where increase is improbable.

Ten have increase fairly probable.

Six are still boys.

The name in Alfred's line will probably become extinct soon—only one survivor.

